

# STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL WEEKLY MAGAZINE - SEPTEMBER 5, 1990

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BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE - JULY 1, 1990

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# STUDENT REVIEW

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review. However, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the SR staff, BYU, UVCC, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved with the BYU campus community.

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## Note From the Publisher and the Editor: Student Review Looks to the Future

ONCE THERE WAS A STUDENT MAGAZINE run on a shoestring by a group of masochistic students who thought education meant more than just padding a transcript. The Founders, as they were later called, saw a need for an independent, dynamic student voice at this generally-pleasant-but-a-little-blah-and-rather-too-restrictive university. Others had seen the problem, but these people were egocen-

### Student Review Mission Statement

Student Review should serve as an open forum for discussing contemporary issues relevant to the Brigham Young University community. By providing an open forum for ideas, Student Review aims to enhance students' abilities to critically evaluate societal events, to integrate their studies into the broader spectrum of life, and to interpret their beliefs and moral standards within the context of the world community.

As a basis for this mission, Student Review holds the following as its greatest values:

- We value an open forum. All Brigham Young University students are equally eligible to submit articles for consideration in Student Review.
- We value the moral code and principles of Brigham Young University and its sponsor, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- We value responsible community service, high standards of journalistic ethics, and respect for individuals and institutions.

tric enough to see themselves as the answer.

Naturally, the group attracted those with similar interests, and a dedicated, fun-loving body of compulsive-obsessive personalities formed. (They worked compulsively and were obsessed with having fun.) Students liked the magazine, and advertisers liked that. So, contrary to the confident predictions of local free-lance prophets, it survived. In fact, it prospered.

Four years later, the last of magazine's Founders faded away into graduate school, but the group pressed on. They continued to learn what classrooms don't teach and have more fun than was generally considered legal.

That's the official history of Student Review. To be strictly accurate we would need to mention some rough edges, near misses, issues from Hell, and other things we would rather forget. But we won't.

Now Student Review is launching its fifth year, and it seems like a good time to pause, tie our shoelaces, and strike a dramatic pose as we consider what lies ahead. To help keep us moving in the right direction, we have sketched out some goals for the coming year:

- **Local focus.** We're going to do more of what only we can do: provide an open forum for issues involving BYU and Utah County. Every other publication in the Valley is, in a sense, "owned" by the establishment. Being the only independent voice, we intend to devote more space to local concerns.

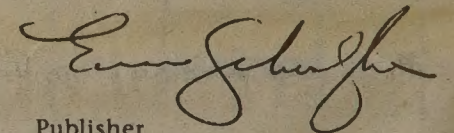
- **Increased quality.** Producing a paper is pointless if the quality is mediocre. Some (if not most) of the best writers at BYU already work with Student

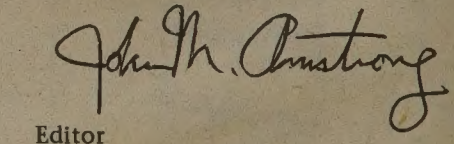
Review, but we can do better. By lengthening our production schedule, we now have more time to refine what you read. Student Review must be readable, provocative, and fun.

- **Faculty involvement.** This year, we will actively seek input from interested faculty. If you have an idea, we want to hear it. Call us with complaints or suggestions—and leads on interesting stories. Tell us about your research. Send us your manuscripts. We can't pay, but we assume that you're not in it for money.

- **Student involvement.** Marriage, graduation, and missions continually deplete our ranks. There will always be room for your contribution. Don't tell us you can't write—there is so much more to do than that. Some think we've snubbed them when they don't hear back from us. Really, we're just so busy we sometimes forget to eat. Be persistent. Keep bugging us. Build your own niche.

Student Review looks forward to another four successful years at BYU. The two of us won't be around that long, but some of you will. We're counting on you to pick up the torch. Join us, read us, critique us, contribute to us, and support our advertisers. Without you, Student Review would cease to exist.

  
Publisher

  
Editor

## Letters: Karl Snow is No Conservative

Dear Editor:

It's ironic that Karl Snow, realizing that the voters in Utah County really are conservative, has jumped on the bandwagon himself. Once a social liberal and a "progressive," Snow has suddenly shifted, verbally at least, to the right.

In the BYU Library, I recently found a master's thesis written by Sasha Kwapinski and proudly signed by Karl N. Snow, Jr., which states: "In early 1972 a meeting was held in east Provo, involving some 25 people," both Republican and Democrat, who "were dissatisfied with (Rep-

resentative H. Verlan) Andersen's voting record and strongly conservative political philosophy . . . Some Democrats saw the Republican primary as the only fruitful way of defeating an undesired Republican incumbent." (H. Verlan Anderson, by the way, is now a General Authority).

"Conversation among those present turned also to the incumbent Republican State Senator in the Sixteenth District, Dean C. Christensen," whom the members of this liberal coalition also criticized. They eventually concluded that Karl N. Snow, Jr., a "progressive" Republican, should challenge this undesirable conservative.

Although he had backed Democrat Stan Taylor in the 1970 state senate race, the thesis describes how Snow recruited enough supporters to stack the mass meetings and overcome the richly deserved stigma he had earned in Republican circles. With the help of Democratic cross-over votes, Snow won the Republican primary and ultimately the election. The Democrats had

succeeded in defeating the conservative Republican incumbent.

Snow's signs now scream that he is "the conservative you can trust." This charade leaves knowledgeable conservatives cold. They support Harmer because he is the conservative you can trust to be conservative.

Isn't Snow uncomfortable with his sudden conversion? With a congressional seat at stake, will he do anything to win? I hope the voters will recognize his two-faced rhetoric for what it is.

I challenge Mr. Snow to explain his objections to Anderson and Christensen, the role of Democrats in a meeting to choose a Republican candidate, his backing of a Democrat for the senate, and his chameleon-like claims to conservatism. Is Sasha Kwapinski's thesis accurate? If not, why did Mr. Snow, as a member of her committee, sign it?

Bruce Quick,  
Provo

### Staff Notes—

Come to the recruitment meeting on September 11—and bring your friends.

Farewell to Dave and Merrill. The memory of your long and glorious service will never fade.

Don't miss the party this weekend. Get details if you miss the meeting.



# The Game Isn't Over 'till the Fat Lady Sings

by G.R. Doc Taylor

**I**F BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had lived in twentieth-century America, I'm sure he would have said that *three* things in life were unavoidable: death, taxes—and sports.

In today's world there are fewer and fewer places of refuge for people like myself who are not especially interested in sports. So it is with sadness that I read an article by Grant Madsen in the July issue which stated that *Student Review* is going to begin including sports in future issues.

Madsen's article expresses many nice ideas nicely, making an eloquent case for sports on an almost Zen level. It is clear that he considers the world of sports to be just a little lower than the angels.

Hard as it may be for sports fans to believe or understand, there is a substantial portion of the population who would be happy to leave professional sports alone, if only sports would leave them alone.

What is it like?

Imagine that you do not like opera (for many people this is not too hard), and one day you step into a Twilight Zone where everyone else loves



whole gangs of them continue to infest the airwaves in beer commercials, or worse, become operacasters themselves.

Aaaarrgh!

All right, you can stop trembling now. Mr. Zerling has rescued you.

But who will rescue me? Δ

opera. Every time you turn on the TV, they are showing an opera. Every time you turn on the radio, they are broadcasting an opera. The airwaves are infested with thousands of operacasters who babble and yell incessantly in pre-opera shows, post-opera shows, half-time opera shows, opera coach's shows, best of opera shows, and opera blooper shows.

And such overwhelming amounts of talking! Even though each opera has only ten minutes of action, each one takes four hours to play (if it doesn't go into overtime) just so they can fit in the talking. A constant river of talking, all about opera. Every show you want to watch has been preempted by operas.

The sound of opera is inescapable. People take their radios outside or wash their cars with the doors open, radios blaring out opera. Even the grocery stores play operas over the PA system.

And when there is a local opera, the fans descend on you like a plague of locusts, swamping the city and bringing traffic to a standstill for most of the day.

Opera singers are paid more money for each opera than most people make in a year, in some cases more than most people make in a lifetime. And when the opera singers finally retire,

## Anatomy of an Idealist

by B.J. Fogg

**M**AYBE YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD. SOME THINGS JUST SEEM awry. So you speak out. You might even protest. Although you probably feel you're doing what's right, be ready for the rigors of idealism.

Your friends might say you're just stirring up trouble for attention—to get on TV, to be quoted in the papers. Even those who may sympathize with your causes probably won't be eager to join you.

Don't judge them too harshly. Remember that they've got a quiz tomorrow morning, and they've already planned out their graduation date. You'll journey with few. When you go home, your parents will somehow know what you've been up to. Maybe their friends will have told them what they've seen in the local papers and the evening news.

Your Mom will ask you—jokingly, of course—if you couldn't change your last name, maybe find a pseudonym. And then she'll hint that perhaps the reason you're still single is because you scare all the "nice girls" away.

Your Dad will want you to spend more time studying and getting ready for graduate school. Besides, he'll worry that you're earning a reputation, one that will hurt you, one that will preclude you from responsible callings in the Church.

Your Dad will quote someone like Winston Churchill, "If a man's not a liberal at age twenty, he's got no heart; if he's not a conservative at age forty, he's got no brain." Ouch.

Others—maybe even strangers—will claim they too wanted to change the world at one time. Then... well...they grew out of it. They'll come to you speaking the voice of experience.

You'll hear them say that sooner or later you'll come free from your idealistic eddy and join the mainstream. Perhaps not until you graduate, not until you get your first real job, not until you have kids to take care of. And so, subtly, they'll tell you that conformity is a sign that you've finally grown up.

Maybe—just maybe—you'll find a friend who will admit that she sold out. She may say she lost her idealism about the time she bought a new car and got a real job. The debts started piling up, chaining her to work,

while the office perks—health insurance, company picnics, paid days off—numbed her into nine to five. Secure yet oppressed. Your friend may say how tired she feels when she comes home, how she's stopped reading, stopped writing.

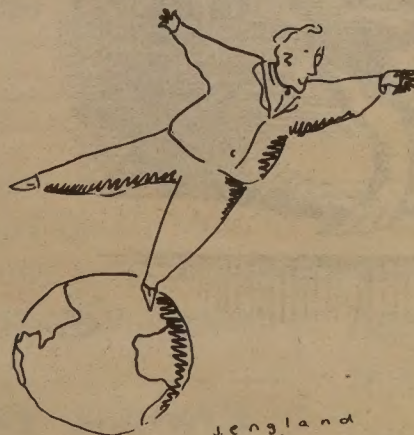
And you'll also feel pressure from the other side—from those who seem to share your concerns. Some may say you're not doing enough. They may urge you to get arrested, to make threats. Some may want your support doing things you disagree with. You'll be asked to join many causes, and sometimes it will be hard to say no.

You'll find people who seem to be involved merely for the excitement of it all, for the sake of being different. You may wonder if this is how others perceive you.

One day you may feel that despite your efforts you have not made a big difference. You'll see that people—as a rule—resist change. This will be unnerving. You may wonder if most would rather be certain about their misery than uncertain about the possibility of improvement.

You may wonder why you are investing so much time, why you are making enemies, why you are creating unrest. And perhaps for a while you'll think about just giving up.

Don't. Δ





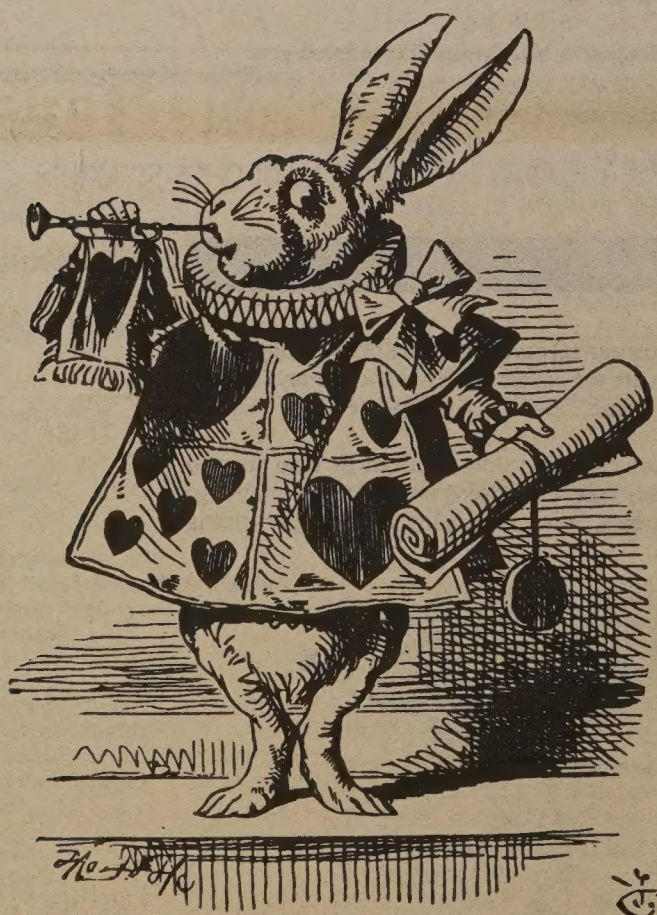
# An "Alice in Wonderland" World The Twisted Logic of Abortion

by Eric Schulzke

*Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The Falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and  
everywhere*

*The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.*

—William Butler Yeats  
"The Second Coming"



*Alice watched the White Rabbit as he  
fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to  
see what the next witness would be like,  
"—for they haven't got much evidence  
yet," she said to herself.*

**I**N "THE SECOND COMING," YEATS UNWITTINGLY PAINTS A HAUNTING IMAGE OF THE ABORTION DEBATE in America today. Yeats was writing in the wake of World War I, but the poem transcends its time.

Some may consider the abortion issue to be hackneyed, and maybe it is. I'm sure the abolitionist arguments were hackneyed by 1860. But as Lincoln noted in his Second Inaugural Address, America paid in blood for having ignored them. Those who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Slavery's parallels to abortion are striking. Stephen Douglas' "popular sovereignty," for example, was the original "pro-choice." Douglas was not pro-Slavery, but was pro-choice. He didn't own a slave *himself*, but allowed that option to plantation owners in other states who desired it. Sound familiar? That's popular sovereignty. That's choice.

In both cases, "choice" misses the point. With slavery, responsibility to humanity outweighs choice. With abortion, such responsibility eventually follows choice. Society may draw that line at conception, during pregnancy, or even years after birth, but it *must* be drawn. And to select any point after conception is surely arbitrary; there is no other moment at which we can suddenly say, now *this* is human.

The logical extension of choice is infanticide. And infanticide is exactly what happened when in 1981 the parents of Baby Doe, an Indiana girl born with a serious birth defect, obtained a court order allowing them to starve her to death—despite the fact that a routine operation would have saved her. Similar cases have occurred since, and more will follow. Now *that's* choice. Those who echo the rhetoric might be less glib if they considered "choice" in its ultimate sense.

Other justifications for abortion fare no better.

"Viability" is transparently absurd. Certainly a newborn infant or an elderly, senile adult abandoned in the woods is no more viable than a fetus. Whether inside or outside the womb, all three require intensive attention—the difference being only one of degree. Viability is an arbitrary and inhuman standard.

As for "quality of life," it has a frightening logic. What about the poor and the elderly? What about the mentally and physically handicapped? The Special Olympics were recently held at BYU and our apartment hosted four athletes. Each was happy, good-humored and witty, and each was obviously enjoying life. To imply that the mentally and physically handicapped live lives devoid of meaning reveals inexcusable levels both of arrogance and ignorance. Such reasoning, presumptuous at best, is ultimately Hitleresque.

"Social discomfort" and "convenience" (the latter being the hidden heart of the abortion debate) cannot be central issues for any but the most selfish of people. Likewise, "teenage promiscuity" and "poverty," though serious concerns, are unrelated to abortion. To suggest a connection obscures the real problems—which are, oddly enough, teenage promiscuity and poverty.

Finally comes the specter of the "coat hanger." If made illegal, they say, abortion would happen anyway. And it would be ugly. From the utilitarian perspective of a moral vacuum—a vacuum in which many seem to live—this is a persuasive argument. But if abortion is akin to murder, then that argument parallels this one: too many innocent bystanders are getting killed in drug slayings, so let's have a shooting gallery, bring victims and assassins together, make sure things are clean, quick and efficient, and keep the bystanders out of it. If we must have atrocities, let them be safe atrocities.

No, the real issue is the nature of the fetus, and until we address it all other arguments are absurd. Abortionists know this, which is why they won't discuss it. In a recent profile of Faye Wattleton, the president of Planned Parenthood, *Time* noted, "Wattleton refuses to engage in discussion of issues like when life begins or whether a fetus is a human being. That, she implies, is merely sophistry and irrelevant." Translation: (1) Like any good debater, Wattleton avoids the points she knows she'll lose, and (2) she has a cavalier attitude toward the very concerns that Western Civilization has historically placed above all others.

So is the fetus alive? Well, to paraphrase Monty Python, it's not dead—yet. It has all the textbook characteristics of life: metabolism, homeostasis, growth, DNA, and reproduction. It can't reproduce—yet it is genetically coded for reproduction. Neither newborn infants nor 70-year old women can reproduce, so unless we extend the requirement to them we certainly can't hold it against the fetus.

Then according to biological standards, the fetus is alive. If it is alive, what is it? A duck? No, its DNA is human. Then it's part of the mother. No, its DNA is distinct from the mother's. Again, we reach the conclusion that this thing is *alive, human, and distinct* from the mother. We simply must acknowledge the preponderance of evidence.

Peter Dexter, a columnist for the *Sacramento Bee*, put it this way: "Anyone who can look at the connective stages of human life—from conception to death—and unequivocally state the earliest is not human, who pretends to know that, is ignoring a profound question to get a desired political end." Are you listening Faye?

Even if the question remained unresolved, common sense would urge us to err on the side of safety. In other words, the burden of proof is on the abortion crowd. The fetus is innocent until proven guilty, human until proven otherwise. We don't have to *prove* that the fetus is human or alive—but the abortionists *must* prove that it is not. We don't have to *prove* that abortion leads down a blood-drenched slippery slope, taking with it the Baby Does of tomorrow as it erodes our reverence for the sanctity of life—but they *must* prove that it does not. I wish them luck.

"I am constantly amazed," Dexter concludes, "that there are so many people sure enough of their footing to look down that bottomless hole and pronounce it nothing to worry about." So obsessed are the abortionists with their agenda, they refuse to discuss the nature of the fetus until guaranteed the right to destroy it. Their's is the twisted logic of *Alice in Wonderland*: "'No, no!,' said the Queen. 'Sentence first—verdict after.'" Δ



# Robert Bork and the American Kulturkampf

by William Norman Grigg

**T**WO YEARS AGO THE SENATE REJECTED THE NOMINATION OF ROBERT BORK TO THE SUPREME Court. Bork's defeat was the product of the first national political campaign over a judicial nomination in American history. Arthur Kropp of "People for the American Way" (PAW), one of the lobbying groups that worked for Bork's defeat, offers this comment on the significance of the anti-Bork campaign: "Whenever you talk about the eighties, you'll be talking about Robert Bork."

Bork has now produced what will be one of the most important books of the 1990s: *The Tempting Of America: The Political Seduction of the Law*. Kropp has expressed preemptive disapproval: "Traveling the country and writing about it in a book—to me that's sad. . . I thought he was a prouder man, that his pride would keep him from playing the martyr." Kropp's comments leave little doubt that he hasn't read the volume. But Kropp is merely staying true to form. Bork's critics were never reluctant to put words in his mouth or to impute outrageous views to him.

The Bork confirmation hearings possessed a Kafkaesque quality. Exactly forty-five minutes after Bork's name was placed in nomination, Ted Kennedy arose in the Senate chamber to describe a nightmare vision of "Robert Bork's America"—a terrifying vista of segregated lunch counters, back-alley abortionists, and so forth. The Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Joe Biden (who later gained notoriety as the Ray Parker Jr. of American politics), pledged to lead the fight against Bork—two months before the hearings began. These Senators were representative of those who opposed Bork because of his "close-mindedness".

Kennedy, Biden, and others shouted down Bork in the name of defending free speech. Others portrayed Bork as a threat to "privacy rights." One group of vigilant "privacy" guardians obtained a list of videos rented by the Bork family—apparently in the hope of finding something scandalous. They found Fred Astaire and *The Wizard of Oz*.

PAW asserted that Bork favored poll taxes, literacy tests, and other measures intended to discourage voting by black Americans. Planned Parenthood published newspaper ads declaring that Bork had ruled in favor of mandatory sterilization of women. Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama described Bork as a radical who had flirted with communism as a young man. These and other similar accusations were demonstrably false—and they issued from roughly the same chorus that later decried the 1988 Bush presidential campaign as an exercise in unprecedented negativism.

But Bork's book is not merely a broadside against his critics. The empty-headed hypocrisy of the American Left is worth remarking, and Bork devotes the penultimate chapter of his book to a dissection of the charges against him. American Liberalism is not only anencephalic, it is also authoritarian—and allied with a judiciary that is usurping legislative authority in pursuit of "social justice." This is the "seduction of the law" described by Bork.

"In law, the moment of temptation is the moment of choice, when a judge realizes that in the case before him his strongly-held view of justice, his political and moral imperative, is not embodied in a statute or in any provision of the constitution," writes Bork. Judges, often animated by defensible desires, sometimes contrive unwritten "constitutional" rights to justify decisions. However, Bork admonishes, "To give in to temptation, this one time, solves an urgent human problem—and a faint crack appears in the American foundation. A judge has begun to rule where a legislator should."

Extra-constitutional judicial activism is not the exclusive province of the contemporary American Left. During the 19th and early 20th centuries, activist judges of the right favored extra-constitutional economic rights—such as an amorphous "liberty of contract"—that favored business interests. Since 1937, the court has been active in ways that are congenial to the inchoate agenda of the Left, constructing and expanding "right of privacy" and "new equal protection" programs designed to impose strict racial and gender equality.

Bork declares a plague upon both houses: he rejects judicial activism of both the Right and the Left as arrogations of power reserved to the legislature. He is not unreceptive to the idea that an evolving society requires evolving notions of justice; however, as he states, "Where the law stops, the legislator may move on to create more. But where the law stops, the judge must stop."

The most potent threat to constitutional liberty is judicial Jacobinism—the tendency of an unelected, unaccountable judiciary to abandon the written constitution in pursuit of a moral vision. Result-oriented jurisprudence is still ascendant in many American law schools.

Bork recounts a debate he had with a Harvard law professor who exclaimed, "Your notion that the constitution is in some sense law must rest upon an obscure philosophic principle with which I am unfamiliar." One observer has pointed out that the question in many law schools is not *how*

to read the constitution, but whether to read it at all.

Once the court casts itself as the vanguard of social justice, Bork warns, "There is no law; there are only the moral imperatives and self-righteousness of the hour." The court then becomes the property of an elite that is hostile to self-government—and finds the Constitution inadequate to its ideological requirements.

It was this intellectual elite that led the campaign against Bork. The Bork battle was a skirmish in a continuing American *Kulturkampf*—a literal war over the primacy of a written Constitution in the American legal culture. With his bone-deep commitment to the constitution, and his insatiable appetite for argument, Bork will be a warrior to be reckoned with.  $\Delta$

## NEXUS Hairitage Salon

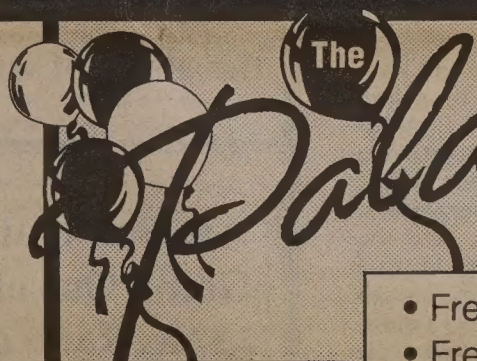
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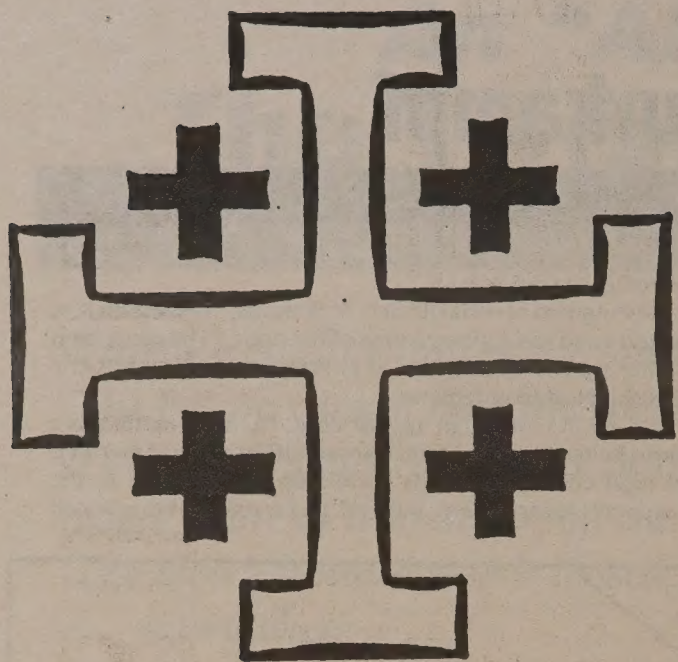
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## Reflections at Christmas

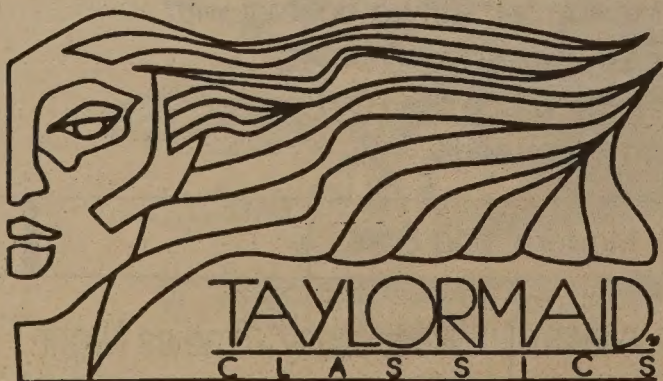
by John J. Murphy, English

**T**HE COMING OF CHRIST IS DRAMATIZED BY LENGTHENING DAYS DEVELOPING into the planting season and then, to paraphrase Walt Whitman, the grain of the yellow-speared wheat bursting its shroud in the dark brown fields.

The coming of Christ seems disarmingly peaceful, considering its transfiguring impact. Emily Dickinson speculates on God's fond ambush piercing our humanity in death's glaze, and on the electrical shock the divine essence generates in the human. The life-giving of Christ becomes the dying out of human deprivation, and the collision with divinity unsettles our human world. Christ seems to favor the prostitute over the pharisee, to oppose institutionalism, to overturn, to (in Mary's words to Elizabeth) pull down princes from their thrones and exalt the lowly, to replace the temple of stone with the temple of His resurrected body.

The legend of the Magi is also disturbing, for the journey to Christ leads to the unlikely places. He is found in strangers, in the hungry, the naked, the imprisoned, the very places shunned by the self-appointed elect. His hiding from us challenges vision, for the temple might be in the leper or the AIDS victim. Mother Teresa is said to test her postulants according to their ability to detect Christ's body in the suffering diseased bodies they serve. T. S. Eliot's magi meet Calvary in Bethlehem, death in birth.

God, claims Paul, shows no partiality and challenges everyone to share His suffering and death and join the feast of His body, our manna. Through Him and in each other, we anticipate at Christmas the grain of yellow-speared wheat bursting its shroud in the dark brown fields—and we grapple with unworthiness. Δ



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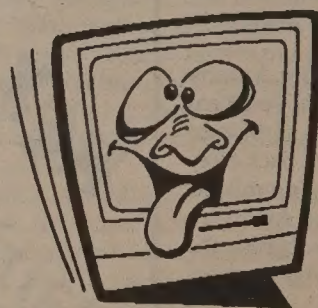
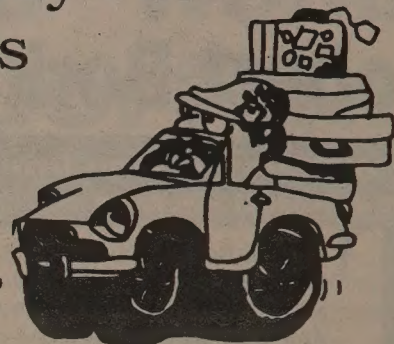
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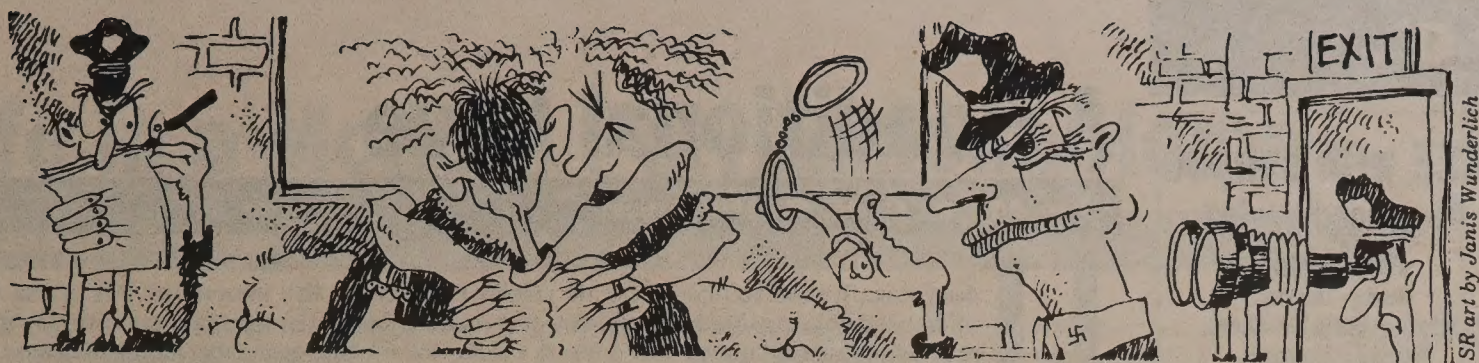
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# Boy Meets Girl and Big Brother Knows

by Joanna Brooks

FOCUS

**A**S LONG AS BOYS HAVE BEEN BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE BEEN GIRLS AND DORMS have had visiting hours, there have been "lobby lovers". From nightfall until midnight, freshmen in passion emerge to take over couches in the lobbies of BYU's dormitories. In most other colleges, where strict opposite sex "visiting hours" are unheard of, the genders meet behind closed doors in co-ed dorms.

No such privacy at BYU. Boy-girl relationships are everybody's business, including University Standards.

Through its student referral programs and attitude adjustment sessions, Standards has earned the reputation of "Big Brother." It needs no telescreens; its army of eyes include R.A.s, nosy neighbors, security guards, and grudge-holding girlfriends. It has no Little Red Book; the time-honored tenets of the little blue Honor Code provide the rules.

And it is not those rules that we take issue with here. By our very attendance at BYU, we demonstrate that we have pledged to live the Honor Code. (It is interesting to note that the procedure of signing the Honor Code was instituted in Winter 1950 and "disbanded in 1955 because of the damaging effect it was beginning to have on the Student Body," according to a 1959 report on the Honor System in the Lee Library Archives.)

What is objectionable is the behavior of University Standards in enforcing those rules. Governed by an apparition-like set of policies based on situational ethics, Standards' counselors use questionable techniques in enforcing the Code.

Standards' counselors and Dean of Student Life, Ryan Thomas, have somewhat of a gag policy surrounding those techniques. Upon attempting to interview the dean, one *Student Review* reporter was told that due to "time constraints," the dean did not give interviews to the *Student Review*—only to KBYU and the *Daily Universe*. What information reporters were able to obtain was conflicting and vague. On one occasion a reporter was told that the only rules governing Standards were those printed in the Honor Code. Another reporter was shown a thick booklet entailing offenses punishable by Standards and department policies. When reporters called Standards enquiring whether one could be called in for violation of certain policies, the answer was always punctuated with the words "that depends."

There was no "depends," no unsafe hazy territory in enforcement when the Honor Code was first instituted. After the Code was adopted by a student vote of 2184-722 on May 12, 1949, a student Honors Council was appointed to enforce it. This judicial body was responsible for "holding hearings before which the accused would plead his case, following which a judgment would be handed down." In 1952, debates arose over how far the Honor System extended into one's personal life, and the enforcement policies were rewritten. The approach became "less punitive than before, leaning more towards a sympathetic, counseling approach" (1959 report, Lee Library Archives). This very revision has, in fact, increased Standard's intrusion into student's personal lives.

Students allege that, during counseling sessions, Standards goes beyond its role of "interpreting and enforcing policy" (Jeffrey Holland, campus memorandum, April 10, 1981) and delves into personal matters normally discussed between a person and the bishop or the Lord.

One female freshman who visited Standards in Fall 1989 objected to the way "[my counselor] tried to bring my family into everything." For her initial Standards visit, her counselor invited her R.A., her head resident, and the head of Helaman Halls security to sit in on the session. "I was really embarrassed when he asked me, 'How are your parents?' 'Do you resent your family?' and other personal questions in front of all those people," she said. Through his analysis, the Standard's counselor decided that her behavior was caused by "resentment towards [her] parents for not giving [her] enough freedom."

"Frankly my family had nothing to do with it," she explained. Nevertheless, the counselor made a "deal" with the student that if she would "improve her relationship with her parents" by writing them about her recent problems, he would not call them. "What offended me most was when, at the end of our first session, he said, 'I feel like you're a good person, and I feel like I understand you're struggling to do what's right. Can I give you a hug?' Of course, I refused and left. The first thing he asked me the next session was if my reluctance to hug him stemmed from being sexually abused as a child."

Students called in to Standards may feel that they have to respond to and follow the suggestions of the counselors in order to safeguard their enrollment at BYU. When the rules of the games are unstated, of course it is wisest to follow the leader. As the methods involved in "counseling" are private, largely unregulated, and left to the situational discretion of the counselor, uninvited psychoanalysis and emotional manipulation may occur. This is highly inappropriate for an enforce-

ment agency.

Standards' process of obtaining referrals is just as questionable. In the 1950s, attempts were made to "obtain more referrals since it was felt that more good was accomplished through student-handled cases." When this emphasis was instituted, the number of cases handled jumped from 28 in 1953-54 to over 200 cases in 1955-56 (1959 report on Honor System in Lee Library Archives).

Today the student referral program is encouraged and highly utilized. Standards officials have said that "the best way to enforce is from within" (*Daily Universe*, October 5, 1978.) And according to statement 11 in the Code of Honor—"I will help others fulfill their responsibilities under the Code of Honor"—we are all enlisted to be the department's agents.

For those living in on-campus housing, Standards fully utilizes resident hall assistants. "Our job, basically, is to tell Standards about violations," one female R.A. said. "We can refer you for anything—loudness, attitude, sneaking boys in. If your R.A. doesn't like you, he or she can make your life terrible." One freshman was called into Standards because his R.A. saw a tattoo on his back in the shower and referred him. Tattoos are never referred to in the Honor Code.

Although the tattoo referral was easily verified, anonymous reports regarding less concrete matters are accepted and acted upon, sometimes without any requests for proof or corroboration. The potential danger with a system of anonymous referral is that unbiased accusations can be made out of spite by neighbors with spyglasses and grudges. There is also an uneven application of justice. How much can you get away with? Who are your neighbors? And with any anonymous accusations, the burden of proof rests on the accused.

In an experiment, I called the Standards office, pretending to be my roommate. "Joanna," I told the counselor, "plays this game where she sneaks into the boys' dorm for fun." I told Standards how my errant roommate got caught once, but continued to sneak in, and I didn't want her to "get kicked out by an R. A." Could Standards help? "Sure," the counselor said. "We'll talk to her. You're a good friend to do this for your roommate," he assured me. He also assured me that I would remain anonymous, that my roommate would be assisted in changing her "attitude," that he might contact her parents, and that she would not get kicked out. "Will her bishop find out?" I asked. "Yes, the bishop will eventually know," the counselor replied.

This type of communication between Standards personnel and Church officials violates BYU policy. As one of the more recent published statements of Standards' policy states, "Students who talk to the bishop or stake president do so in confidence. Policy of the Church and University forbids the bishop or stake president from communicating this to the University. . . . Similarly, we as a university do not call the bishop or stake president and turn over information we have" (Dallin H. Oaks quoted in the *Daily Universe*, September 18, 1979).

A female freshman student, sent to Standards for a violation during summer term 1989, was not able to leave her past behind her due to this type of unethical communication. "I visited Standards during the summer and worked it out," she said. "Then, one Sunday, my bishop called me in to discuss the same problem. I had not told him about [the summer offense]. He said that he had heard from Standards and that he wanted to follow-up also. Isn't it supposed to be my free agency to go see my bishop if I wish? Doesn't the individual get to decide to repent on her own?" Even after rehashing the problem a second time, this student's Standards experience was not over. "The first thing my fall semester bishop said to me when he first met me was, 'I understand you've had some problems with [Standards].'" Standards violated the Church's and the University's policies of confidentiality.

When counselors do not adhere to important, stated policies and waver or are vague on other procedural rules, University Standards' methods seem very dangerous. "The University Standards office has full authority to interpret and enforce policy," according to Dallin H. Oaks' 1981 campus memorandum. A Standards counselor is not called to be a bishop by virtue of his position; he does not have the right to involve himself in a student's spiritual affairs. Standards' counseling is not solicited psychoanalysis;

see **Big Brother** on page 10



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## A Conditional Love

by 'Ming' C. H. Sutherland

**H**OMOPHOBIC. I GUESS YOU COULD SAY MY PARENTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HOMOPHOBIC. MY FATHER WOULD often tell derogatory homosexual jokes and would cringe at the sight of a gay man. My mother referred to them as "queers" or "queer as a three dollar bill." I remember a time in Boston when my parents and I were walking down the street and we saw a lesbian couple kiss. I don't think my father ever got over the shock.

I suppose their reaction to my brother's "coming out of the closet" could have been predicted. In fact, my brother even said he didn't blame them for their reaction. He was just sorry for it. Not for being gay, but for their non-acceptance.

I think it would be hard for any parent to learn that their son is gay. But I think there is an added difficulty for LDS parents such as mine. My mother says she feels cheated because he would do this after she spent so much time and money raising him. She says he really must hate her, something I know to be false. After two years she still cries herself to sleep. My father still tries to quiet my mother's tears. They wonder how it happened. They raised him in the Church. He went on a mission and did all the "right" things, so what went wrong? My brother says nothing "went wrong." He has always been this way and he could no longer suppress his feelings.

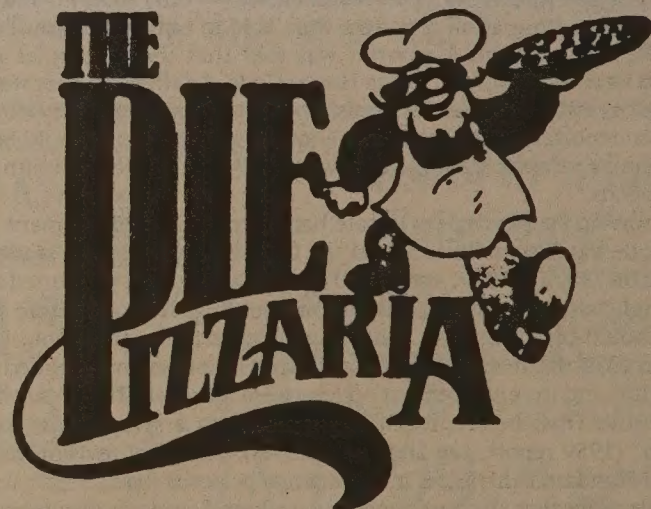
I found out about it after I returned from a mission. It had all come out in the open one year earlier, but my parents elected not to tell me and forbade my brother to tell me also. I think that was wrong. Someone should have told me. Maybe I could have sought help and counseling so that it would have been easier for me. As it was, I got home and my parents had already kicked my brother out of the house and wouldn't talk about it except for the initial explanation of what happened. They wouldn't even tell their own parents or brothers and sisters. They said if I needed to talk to someone I could see a psychiatrist. I chose not to. I guess I should have. Maybe then I wouldn't have felt so alone; maybe I should still go.

I felt alone because suddenly, upon returning home, I found that my family had fallen apart. I so disagreed with how my parents handled the situation that I couldn't have talked to them even if they had wanted to. I felt the only person I could relate to was my brother, and he was now living on the opposite coast with another man. Telephones just didn't seem right for deep and personal conversations. It's been almost three and a half years since I've seen him. My parents wouldn't even let him come home for Christmas.

I feel bad for him because everyone he needs most has turned away from him. My parents argue that he left them, but I think my parents make it very clear that he is no longer wanted. My mother even asked me once how it felt to suddenly be an only child.

Sometimes I feel so caught in the middle that I think it will rip me apart. But I will always love and respect my brother. Even though we're far apart, he's my best friend. Δ

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# Life in a Modern Polygamous Home

by Joanna Brooks

**I**N 1890, WILFORD WOODRUFF COMMANDED THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS to stop practicing plural marriage.

One hundred years later, our polygamous past still troubles us. The world view of polygamy is replete with images including a male harem fantasy and pictures of degraded, dull females relegated to drudgery. And members of the Church, so self-conscious and so careful, are haunted by these images.

The Jacob Nielson family is aware of our discomfort. So Nielson, his five wives, and 14 of his children have retreated to a three-acre plot surrounded by 80 acres of Wasatch Front forest to practice what they feel is a sacred calling.

But the family does not retreat from discussing their beliefs. Two *Student Review* staff members and I visited the Nielson home in February, carrying with us fears and firmly-entrenched philosophies. Jacob Nielson, 47, spoke with us as he relaxed in a leather armchair, still wearing his business suit from a day at the office. With his modern appearance and open, intelligent, and almost convincing manner, the greying Nielson disarmed many of our preconceptions.

We spoke with Nielson and his wives for two hours in the living room of their home. As we spoke, the classical music playing in the background was punctuated occasionally by the squeals of the Nielson children and assorted neighborhood kids playing downstairs.

"Most of the neighbors have accepted us," Nielson began. "The kids have gotten some teasing at school, but generally their friends are very accepting. They have birthday parties, and some kids are allowed to stay overnight while others have to leave after the pizza and videos.

"But newcomers are afraid of us," he added, growing more serious. "They call the police to come investigate us, but even the newer policemen are so scared that they'll say they can't find the place."

More comfortable, seasoned policemen in the mid-sized town near Provo occasionally offer the Nielson children rides home from school. Law enforcement officials do not bother polygamists any more because "the attorney general decided that the law against polygamy was an 'old' law like adultery. It would not be worth it to arrest all of the men and put all of their families on welfare," Nielson explained.

Close to one thousand people still practice plural marriage, living as surrounding states.

Three hundred, including the Nielsons, meet every Sunday to worship in a small cement church near the point of the mountain in Bluffdale, Utah. While the congregation is known collectively as "Allreds," "Musserites," or "fundamentalist Mormons," Nielson prefers to be called "a follower of Jesus Christ."

"We follow Jesus Christ, practicing the gospel as he restored it," Nielson explained. "Many of the doctrines that Joseph Smith restored have been taken away a slice at a time and we try to retain them.

"In the temple ceremony, we are commanded to live all of the laws of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Those laws included plural marriage." Fundamentalist Mormons believe that plural marriage is essential to exaltation, that Christ himself had many wives, and that through plural marriage, Heavenly Father was able to create the earth's spirit population. Nielson emphasized that "the purpose of plural marriage is to raise a righteous generation. The Church would have 15 million members by now if we still practiced it.

"The purpose of celestial plural marriage is not to cater to a man's sexual desires. Some people are drawn into our congregation with that in mind," Nielson admitted. "But it won't work with lustful desires. This practice will damn you fast if your heart isn't in the right place. It's very difficult."

And while some are drawn to the practice by baser motives, many of those converted are former members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, even "bishops and stake presidents" who want to "hold to the traditions" of the early Church, according to Nielson.

Nielson, himself a mission president's son, was "converted" to the doctrine of celestial plural marriage when he was growing up in Southern California. Studying from the *Journal of Discourses* when he was 15, Nielson "felt the Spirit manifest that it was right."

Nielson put off the prompting to practice plural marriage for several years. Meanwhile, he married in the temple and moved to Boise with his first wife. "I was more than active—110% active. I was elder's quorum president and had the ideal Mormon family—a wonderful wife, five kids." However, during frequent business trips to Utah, Nielson spent hours researching plural marriage at the Church Historical Society and attended the fundamentalist congregation in Bluffdale, searching for confirmation of his earlier witness.

Nielson feels that he received that spiritual witness, and he felt impressed to begin practicing celestial plural marriage. "It was a

necessary step in my spiritual development, and my wife didn't want to hold me back, but could not practice it herself yet." He divorced his first wife and began practicing in 1983.

Nielson, his first plural wife, Jennifer, and his second plural wife, Christa, settled in Sandy, Utah. The family remained on the rolls of the Church; home and visiting teachers came to visit without commenting on the marriage. No Church action was taken until Nielson's Boise bishop called his Sandy bishop to discuss Nielson's practices.

"The bishop called me in," Nielson recalled, "without my wife because he didn't think she knew [about the plural marriage]." After an initial two-hour interview, the bishop retreated into thought for several months before speaking to higher authorities. "He didn't feel I was a threat to the Church," Nielson said.

A year later, that bishop testified on Nielson's behalf at a Church court. But after a 40 minute deliberation, Jacob Nielson was excommunicated by Wilford E. Woodruff, great-grandson of the President Woodruff who wrote the Manifesto.

Fundamentalists do not consider the Manifesto to be inspired revelation, but only a press dispatch written to facilitate Utah's admission into statehood. Likewise, they do not believe that their excommunications are binding. "If you will believe with me for a second that we are correct in our practices, why would God cut us off from full blessings? We believe that we still have priesthood, that everything is intact," said Nielson. Among the fundamentalists, blessings are given, baptisms are performed, families are sealed together.

Formal church structure is foregone in order to promote a family-based practice of religion. There are no auxiliaries, no home teachers, no ward lists for their congregation. "I am expected to teach Sunday School in my home, to teach my own children to develop their relationship with Heavenly Father and not to rely on the church as an intermediary," said Nielson.

The entire family prays together three times a day. "We pray for the Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints], for President Benson. I have no animosities towards the Church," Nielson explained. "Our to proselyte or convert or compete."

Despite no active recruiting, Nielson says that the fundamentalists are joined by a number of new converts each year, including a growing group of returned female missionaries. "[Some sister missionaries] get back from their missions, look at the BYU and singles' wards, and laugh. They just don't think they have a chance of finding a strong husband there," Nielson chuckled.

Nielson's fourth wife, Bonnie, is a returned missionary. "I was converted to the doctrine of celestial plural marriage while working in the Seattle temple. I was attending Institute at the time, and my Institute teacher asked the class, 'Are God's laws unchanging?' I asked him why the laws of plural marriage had been changed. He intimated to me that he thought the LeBarons, the Allreds, and other practicing families [were correct]." Her interest piqued, Bonnie traveled to the meetings of the fundamentalist Mormons in Bluffdale where, one Sunday, she sat behind Jacob Nielson's pew and was introduced to him.

Bonnie is the only one of Nielson's wives who was not raised in a polygamous home. His fifth wife, Diane, grew up with three mothers and 40 brothers and sisters, expecting to enter into a plural marriage herself one day. "I dated other boys in high school that I just never considered marrying," nineteen-year-old Diane explained.

In the eyes of the law, the first wife, Jennifer, is Nielson's only legal wife; the others are considered to be practicing "illegal cohabitation." In the home, all

**Continued on the next page**

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## Polygamy continued from previous page

wives are treated as equals. "We practice the Law of Sarah," Nielson explained. Every new wife must be approved and "given" to Nielson by his most recent wife. "Women aren't forced to marry or to accept another wife; it's their choice," Nielson explained.

The five Nielson "sister-wives" have accepted each other and are raising their children together with a remarkable closeness. The five often have "girls' night out," leaving Nielson to watch all the kids and change all the diapers. "We share the responsibilities. We nurse each other's babies and change their diapers," Bonnie explained, cradling her newborn, delivered at home by Nielson two weeks ago.

"We hug and kiss and love all of the children; we are one family," Christa added.

And how does one manage such a large family, with 14 children under the age of 14 years old? "You have to run it with a firm, but gentle manner," Nielson responded.

"You run it?" joked Doreen, Nielson's third wife.

Wives in early polygamous families often commented that polygamous relationships allowed them to be more independent, to run their homes as they pleased. "A plural wife is not half as much a slave as a single wife. If her husband has four wives, she has three weeks of freedom every month. She and her children order their lives and do not have to wait for their husband and father to do it for them," said Martha Hughes Cannon in 1896. Cannon was a polygamous wife and the first elected female state senator in the United States.

Anthropological research by Russell Judkins at SUNY in 1980 asserted that polygamy builds a matrifocal society because the wives raise the children and run the home with little interference by a husband.

In addition to taking an active role in the home, fundamentalist Mormons also advocate that women participate more in the religious ordinances. Fundamentalists follow, to some degree, the early Church practice of allowing women to stand in the circle when blessings are given. Bonnie said, "The woman's role in the [LDS] Church is much quieter than the one I understand and live now."

At the Nielson home, there are no signs of male domination, nor any signs that Nielson's wives would accept it. They, while generally quiet and reserved, seem largely independent. Jennifer works part-time outside the home. Jennifer's sister Doreen, Nielson's third wife, works for National Semi-Conductor and is studying for her B.S. in Business Administration. Doreen recently left her first polygamist husband, who practiced plural marriage for the power.

"If you practice it for the power motivations, it will not work," Nielson explained. "Living the law of plural marriage is difficult."

His wives agree. "It really stretches, forces you to overcome your weaknesses. You cannot live in a plural marriage if you are jealous, if you have a temper. It won't work," Jennifer said.

Nielson concluded, "If I didn't have a

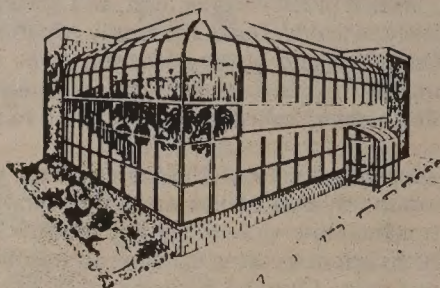
testimony that it was right, I would not practice it. It is just a very difficult law, but it brings great blessings to the home when practiced correctly."

So despite Church doctrine, personal difficulties, and public discomfort, Nielson and his wives continue to practice the law that they believe will allow them to gain exaltation. Δ

## Big Brother from page 7

counselors should not delve into personal and family concerns unless invited to do so. Standards' self-stated responsibility is enforcement of University policy; counselors should use enforcement tools like behavioral contracts, loss of privileges, probation or formal reprimand.

Standards should establish and follow solid guidelines regulating the acceptance of anonymous referrals, the violations for which student will be called in, and the procedures that occur in counseling. Any regulation of personal affairs beyond enforcement of the Honor Code is unwarranted, inappropriate, and downright Orwellian. Δ



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Sundance .99  
Wallyroo .99  
Many others .89-1.25  
Soft Drinks .59 .69 .79 .99

### BURGERS

Quarter Pound Burger	1.89
1/4 lb. Cheeseburger	1.99
1/4 lb. Burger, Bacon, & Swiss	2.49
1/4 lb. Burger, Ham & Swiss	2.49
1/4 lb. Pastrami Burger & Swiss	2.59
1/2 lb. Burger	2.69
1/2 lb. DBL Cheeseburger	2.89

### SCONES & HONEYBUTTER

.99  
Scones are made with our own special recipe and cooked in 100% cholesterol free oil.

### SIDE ORDERS

	1/2 lb	1 lb
French Fries	.79	1.45
Potato Wedge	.89	1.55
Hot Dog	.89	
Corn Dog	.89	
Grilled Cheese	1.19	

### SOUP

Homemade Broccoli and Cheese 1.49

### SALADS

Garden	1.85
Chef	2.67
Chicken Fajita	3.25
Shrimp	3.25

### SCONE SANDWICHES

Scones are made with our own special recipe and cooked in 100% cholesterol free oil.

Grilled Chicken Breast	2.39
Ham and Swiss 95% lean	2.35
Turkey Breast 95% lean	2.39
Roast Beef 95% lean	2.59
Pastrami 95% lean	2.59
Polish Sausage	1.95
Sloppy Joe	1.87
Barbecue Beef	2.99
Chicken, Ham or Bacon & Swiss	2.89
Turkey, Ham or Bacon & Swiss	2.89
Pastrami, Ham or Bacon & Swiss	2.89
Roast Beef, Ham & Swiss	2.99
Polish, Ham & Swiss	2.65
Pastrami, Ham & Swiss	2.89

### BAKED POTATOES

Served with your choice of homemade topping and real cheese.

Butter & Sour Cream	1.75
Broccoli & Cheese	1.99
Chili & Cheese	2.39
Cheddar	1.95
Beef Stroganoff	3.39
Chicken Parmesan	3.39

### NAVAJO TACO

2.45  
An open scone topped with homemade chili, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and cheddar cheese.

### FISH & CHIPS

2.89

One third pound of cod cut and breaded with our own special recipe and served with a half pound of potato wedges.

### CHICKEN PLATTER

3.35

One third pound of chicken breast cut into strips, breaded with our own special recipe and served with a half pound of potato wedges.

### SPECIAL

FRESH Strawberry Banana Shake 1.29





# Belfast By Night

by Andrew Arnone

I MET MAURA MY LAST NIGHT IN BELFAST. YOU COULDN'T find a more Irish woman than Maura—red hair, green eyes, big friendly smile. We began talking and she told me she grew up in Belfast, the Falls Road area, but now lived and went to school in America. She was working on her Ph.D., studying the economy of Ireland, and had returned to Belfast for research. With her was Frank, a German photographer/student staying in Belfast a few weeks, capturing the city on film. We decided to experience the city at night, Maura leading.

It was nearly midnight when we set out. I wore a t-shirt and my leather jacket; I took only my passport and wallet. Maura still wore her skirt and white sweater. Frank took his camera. We walked through the "nice" part of town down the hill to a busy main street. There were many people out, laughing, drinking, trying to get a date. I didn't even notice the police, though they were all around.

We walked away from the crowd and the city quickly became darker and quieter. We walked slowly, the only sounds coming occasionally from Frank's shutter and motor drive. We crossed a bridge and walked around one of the flats near Falls Road; they sort of make a square with a courtyard in the middle. Broken glass everywhere crunched under our feet. There was no grass—only mud, rocks and glass. Suddenly a big dog, quietly waiting on a nearby balcony, began to bark in alarm.

"Is this place really safe?" I kept asking Maura, trying to sound relaxed. "I mean, if this were Chicago, I certainly wouldn't be here now."

"Oh yeah. There's nothing to worry about. People around here take care of their own."

It was about one in the morning when we heard them. Just a few at first on either side of the road, yelling back and forth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh nothing. Just kids playing. Happens all the time."

I started to get that pale feeling. My mouth started to dry, my insides tightened. I tried to be as cool as she was.

We walked nearer, Frank shooting an occasional picture. Soon we could hear them shouting obscenities about Catholics and the IRA. They threw bricks and rocks at each other. Occasionally a daring fighter would rush into the street to throw a rock at his enemy, then dart back to safety.

An Irish boy ran to us and said, "What are you doing here? Can't you see there's a fight going on here?" Maura introduced us, then ran with him to throw more rocks, saying, "I want to whip a few at those bastards myself."

Then from everywhere on the street people appeared, running toward the fight, carrying bottles and yelling. It was as if someone had tripped a silent alarm. Most of the kids were very young. The oldest was maybe eighteen. They started hitting the cars. And even though there was a small war forming, the taxis and other cars still used the road. We

began to hear the *thuds* as bricks hit car bodies. "Whoa. That was a bad one," Frank said, cringing. Then the *thud* was a crash. The taxi pulled up right next to us, its windshield completely shattered. A nicely dressed young woman slowly got out. Her face was pale and she was brushing the glass off her dress and out of her hair. We checked her face to see if it was cut. She was in shock.

We decided to walk around the block so we wouldn't be on the road. We could go around and hide behind a wall and still be in view of the fighting; Frank wanted more pictures. As we left, I noticed every time a car would drive by, Maura would quickly head for a nearby wall.

"Why are you doing that?"

"Oh, it's probably nothing. I'm just careful, that's all."

"Of what?"

"Well, I've heard the Protestants will send a car over to the Catholic side and spray anybody they see to get even."

"Spray them with what?"

"With machine guns."

I felt like I would be sick.

I was beginning to relax when I heard the deep mechanical roar of an RUC truck. "It's the RUC!" screamed Maura, grabbing my arm, pulling me behind her. I turned and looked down the street and saw the truck—heavily armored, the familiar hatch on top where they peered out, fingers ready on the trigger. Then things changed to slow motion. We ducked into somebody's yard behind a low brick wall.

A soldier grabbed me and Frank by the hair, dragging us toward the truck. He was yelling something. He slammed us against the side of the truck. "Now get down on the ground and don't move or, so help me, I'll break your ribs!" We dropped to our hands and knees, face down in the street. The diesel from the truck choked me.

We were all lined up next to each other on the street. Then one of them began to pace up and down saying, "Throwing rocks, eh? Causing trouble, eh? He started kicking. I heard the first kick down the line. Each kid got one, sometimes more. One kid got it pretty bad, I guessed. I heard him moaning down the line. The soldier was almost to me. The boy next to me let out an "umph" as a heavy combat boot kicked him in the gut.

Then it was quiet. Maura told me later she thought they were going to lift all of us (arrest us). She said we were probably saved by a woman who showed up on the scene and started to argue with the police. She apparently calmed them down, and soon we were standing up with our hands spread on the side of the truck.

They started to go down the line, asking names. A soldier turned me around. I told him I was an American. I gave him the story that I was just walking around and didn't know what was going on. I happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. He stared at me with fire-eyes, almost begging me to lie. He asked me who I was with, where I was

staying, when I was leaving. "Tomorrow," I said. "OK. You get the hell out of here, now! You hear?"

I was about to leave when some bottles began exploding, crashing against the wall next to us. Some kids were throwing bottles at the police. I was about to run away when one of the RUCs grabbed me, holding me in front of him like a shield. As bottles and rocks crashed around me, I didn't know how I would get out unhurt. But it quickly stopped when they pointed their guns at the kids. I was released.

I ran down the street, lost and disoriented. I turned down another street and saw a guy sitting on a wall. I went up to him and asked if he had seen Maura or Frank. He was friendly, as everyone there seemed to be, but he hadn't seen them. Then I saw Maura down the street, her white clothes quite visible.

We asked if anyone had seen Frank. No one had. We were worried that he had been lifted because he had his camera with him. It's illegal to take pictures of police or government property. We were scared. In Belfast the police can keep you in jail for up to a week before you can call anyone. In the meantime you're severely abused. Maura said one of her friends was "knee capped" in jail—shot in the knees.

We looked a while longer then decided to start home, not wanting to be around if the RUC returned. As we walked, I realized I had a slight limp—there was a strong pain in my leg from when I got kicked by the RUC. I also realized how dry my throat was. When we reached the busy part of the city, still alive and thriving, we stopped at a hamburger place for a drink.

As we walked down that street watching the weekend party-goers enjoy themselves, I found it ironic that less than a mile away was a completely alien world—a world of glass and rocks, of prejudice and hatred. But maybe it was everywhere, in every home and soul in Belfast. Maybe the ancient tradition of hate was inescapable.

When Maura and I returned to the dorm we found Frank waiting for us. He was alright, save a few bruises on his neck and back where they hit him. We had gathered in the kitchen for coffee and toast and tried to laugh off the experience as wild and exciting. But we were still shaken up. Especially Maura. It turned out that she had been arrested twice and had her apartment raided by the SAS when they found out she was a reporter for a *Sien Fein* newspaper. If she had been arrested, she could have been kicked out of the country for good.

The next day, while watching the Irish coast disappear as the ferry chugged toward Scotland, I thought about my experience. I still can't completely grasp the reasons behind the trouble. Maybe only those born into the system can. But I can empathize, because I was there, for a brief instant, sharing fear, frustration and anger with those Irish boys crouched on the street. Δ



# Encounter with an Apostle

by John Armstrong

**E**lder Setlow drives the van up, and I open the sliding door to let Elder M. Russell Ballard and President and Sister Chen climb in. Elder Setlow nervously pulls ahead, having never chauffeured an apostle before, and I pay attention to the conversation in the back, expecting to hear some light-hearted remarks from our guest about the night's events.

Elder Ballard has just given a seventy-five minute address to the whole Taipei Mission. Obedience. Get up on time. Have a positive attitude. We are warring with Satan's imps. Pray that the Lord will accept your work. Then the challenge: contact ten new people every day.

I expected wrong. The conversation does not turn to something more light-hearted. Instead I hear, "If your missionaries will open their mouths to the people around them, they will convert more people." Elder Ballard's insisting is met by submissive nods from President Chen.

Once at the hotel, Elder Ballard invites us all up to dinner. When our party gets in the elevator, a man with an English accent asks, "Which floor?"

"Third," comes Elder Ballard's reply. "Come with us, and we'll preach the gospel to you." The man doesn't respond. We get off on three and he continues up to twelve.

Elder Setlow and I seat ourselves across from Elder Ballard. After the waiter takes our orders Elder Ballard says, "If I could speak this language, I would have had four referrals in this restaurant by now." I feel my heart sink, but both of us keep our eyes attentively on Elder Ballard's, not wanting to appear daunted by his boldness.

"When that waiter comes back, I want you to tell him that you represent the true

church of Jesus Christ on the earth today and that you want to teach him the gospel." We nod.

When he comes back, I find myself choking on the commitment pattern. Building relationships of trust, resolving concerns, presenting the message all go out the window; Elder Ballard wants us to go straight for the invitation. After some awkward introductions, we extend the invitation in an undiluted form, "Will you let us come to your house and teach you the gospel?"

"Sure." He accepts.

Elder Ballard looks on intently, waiting for a translation. I tell him that the man has accepted and Elder Setlow takes down his phone number, making arrangements for the discussion. The apostle doesn't say anything, just slightly nods his head.

Five months later, I am sitting in front of my new mission president with tears in my eyes. Stories have come from the new missionaries about Elder Ballard's MTC talks. I have become part of a motivating story that inspires missionaries to open their mouths, giving everyone the opportunity to hear the gospel. The catch is that Elder Setlow and I are used as bad examples.

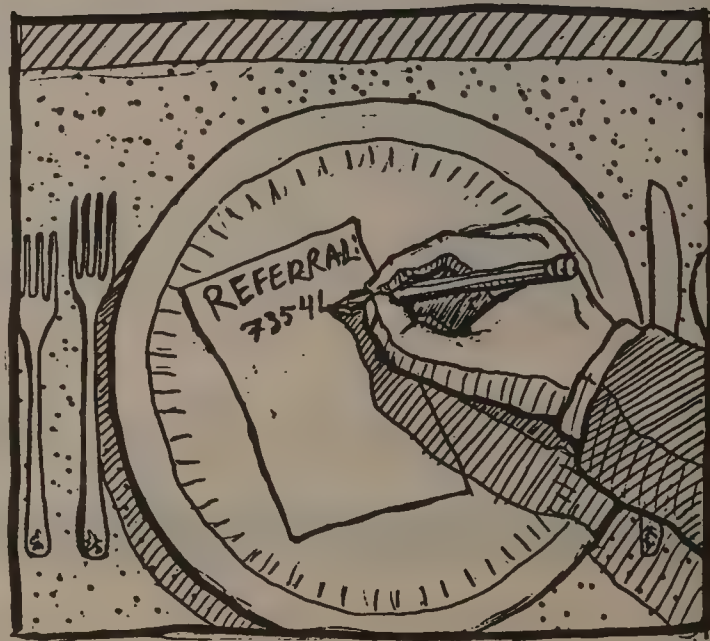
From the reports, I understand Elder Ballard to be saying, "They looked at me as if to say, 'Here? Now?!' And as it turned out, the man accepted the invitation for the first discussion." I'm hurt. I have been working my heart out for twenty months on an island in the South China Sea, dealing with people that have foreign beliefs, eating habits, and driving courtesy, and one of the Lord's anointed holds me up as a bad example. Some of the missionaries even know my name. He mentioned it as he told the story to the Taichung Mission only a few days after the restaurant encounter. The story has been told to the last five groups of new missionaries coming over to Taiwan. "You were the ones he was talking about?!" they would realize. It's funny for them.

"What can I do for you, Elder Armstrong?" asks President Price after a painful silence.

"Nothing." The word sounds garbled.

"I feel like calling him up right now and saying 'Russ, lets just talk like friends for a minute. I have got an elder in my office that is very hurt by the restaurant referral story.' I know he would apologize, Elder Armstrong. He would feel awful."

"I don't want him to feel awful, I just



want him to stop telling the story."

"What have you learned from this experience?" inquires President Price.

"I've learned that Elder Ballard's story is his interpretation of what took place. I wasn't hesitating to invite someone to hear the gospel. Although he may have thought I was hesitating, I have contacted people in restaurants before.

Doesn't he realize that it's not every day a missionary receives an order from an apostle? Aren't I entitled to a surprised look on my face? Sure, the guy accepted the invitation. He was trying to keep us from losing face. He never showed up for the appointment, and Elder Setlow has called him a dozen times since."

I am still upset as I leave his office, but the next day I decide to drop the whole thing. I am torn inside, but I can't blame someone else for making me unhappy. I can't let my own pride ruin my life. Elder Ballard is doing what the Lord needs him to do, and I know that he is not intending to hurt me.

Another five months later I'm in another office, Elder Ballard's.

The secretary asks if we taught the young man we contacted in the restaurant. "No," I reply. "He didn't show up."

"Come on in, Elder." I hear his confident voice.

We visit for twenty-five minutes.

"I've been using the story of our encounter with the waiter in some of my talks," he says.

"That's what I've heard."

He looks a little embarrassed, but I don't pursue it. My feelings have long since healed. I tell him how the mission took his advice on contacting more people and was now baptizing fifty percent more than before his visit. Seeming somewhat satisfied, he remarks that nowhere else in the world is there a group of kids that accomplishes so much as the missionaries of this Church. He says, "It would never happen if the Lord wasn't doing the converting."

"I know," is my honest response. Δ

## The year in the Horse's Mouth



• An elephant's spirit looks like an elephant.

• When we start out in life we are innocent like a newly opened jar of peanut butter. Once we sin, though, it's as if someone stirred up the peanut butter with a knife. We will never be able to fix that sin. We just can't smooth out the peanut butter to make it like new again.

• The different races on the earth come from the different races of God's wives.

• We know that since the serpent could talk to Eve, all the animals in the garden could talk.

• The first man on the Berlin Wall with a pick ax was one of the Three Nephites.

• When we have the United Order, there will still be some people that will be more wealthy than others, but the poor won't care.

• The reason we have bodies here on earth is because our spirits would float away if they didn't have bodies to hold them down.

• There will be no trees in heaven because the everlasting burnings will destroy them all.



# Cutting Back on the Kids

## Dear Student Review,

My experiences in the field have kept me from reading [the *Student Review*] as often as I would like, although recently I got a taste of the *Review* without having to read it. It happened last night at a dinner appointment.

After a zone conference in Burley, my companion and I drove back to our area in Rupert, Idaho for an appointment with the "Jones" family. We arrived and became acquainted with the seven kids and Sister Jones. Brother Jones was at a meeting in Boise for seminary teachers. . . .

As we talked, our conversation drifted to the "Y". I had been there and planned to return, and my companion planned to go there to get a teaching certificate. We found out that the Jones' niece was a freshman this year and they had just visited with her the day before. . .

"We sure are getting close to the last days," Sister Jones started out. "My niece tells me that the Church has announced that there just aren't many spirits left to come down."

It's a good thing that we'd finished eating as I probably would have spit out the food in my mouth. Instead, I grinned and said, "Really?"

"Mormon families are going to be a lot smaller from now on, I guess," she added. She went on to explain about the statue [in front of the SFLC with a father, mother, and a child] to

encourage living the new doctrine.

"That's the new family size, one child per family," she informed me.

"Boy, that'll sure make it easier for a family on a seminary teacher's salary to put their son on a mission," I retorted.

"Yes, but I'm glad I've got all my kids," came her reply.

I couldn't hold it any longer. I threw my head back and laughed. "Where did your niece hear this?" I asked.

"From a professor in one of her classes."

I laughed again. I couldn't stand it any longer and had to spill the beans. I told Sister Jones all about the SR's article in the April first 'Student Enquirer' edition. It took a couple of minutes to convince her. . . . I told her that I had a copy of the article and would make a copy for her to send to her niece.

I couldn't believe it. . . . Someone had actually taken the SR as doctrine.

It just goes to show you how universal the SR is (not to confuse it with the school-sanctioned paper).

Yours with ever increasing amazement,

**Elder Donald A. Sonnefeld**

# Sister Jones Is Not an Airhead

## Dear Student Review,

I am writing to correct a few misconceptions from a letter you printed (Cutting Back on the Kids, January 26, 1990) from Elder Donald Sonnefeld.

I happen to be the Sister "Jones" Elder Sonnefeld referred to in his letter, and I want you and your readers to know that the good Elder's perception of our conversation at our dinner table that evening is somewhat distorted.

There is some truth to what Elder Sonnefeld reported. Yes, we have seven children; my husband is a seminary teacher; and I do have a niece attending BYU.

We visited with my niece the day before the Elders came to dinner, and she told me that she had heard this "story" about LDS families being much smaller in the future, having only one or two children. As the oldest child in a family of nine children, she was curious about what she had been hearing.

That was the first time I had ever heard about this smaller family stuff, and I questioned her source of information. She couldn't pinpoint the source, but just said everyone was talking about it. I knew that there had been a misunderstanding somewhere along the line, and I didn't think much more about it. I certainly did not believe this to be any new

"doctrine" or "church policy."

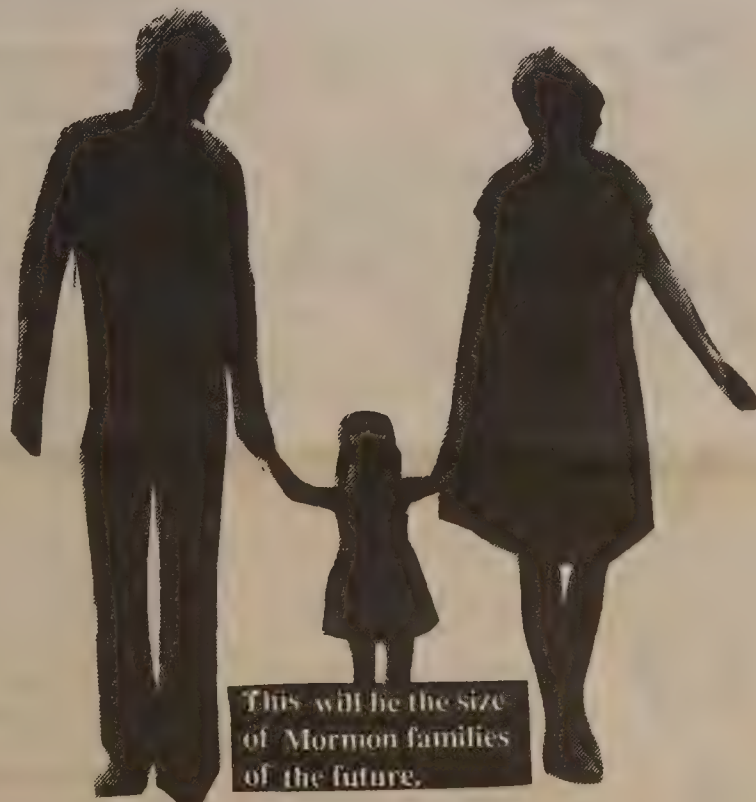
At dinner the next evening Elder Sonnefeld mentioned he had attended BYU. I asked him if he'd heard anything about the "smaller family" while he was there. He then told me about your April Fool's article in the Student Enquirer edition, and I asked him for a copy of the article to send to my niece, as I knew she would appreciate the humor of the situation.

However, I do not find any humor in Elder Sonnefeld's portrayal of me in his letter. I resent the totally inaccurate quotes and feel like Elder Sonnefeld makes me appear like quite an "airhead."

I was not familiar with your publication until this incident occurred, but many of our friends and former students of my husband are, as we've received a great deal of attention from Elder Sonnefeld's letter. Please do me the courtesy of printing my letter so that your readers can have the whole truth of the situation.

Thanks for your time and consideration in this matter.

**Susan Delozier**  
Rupert, Idaho



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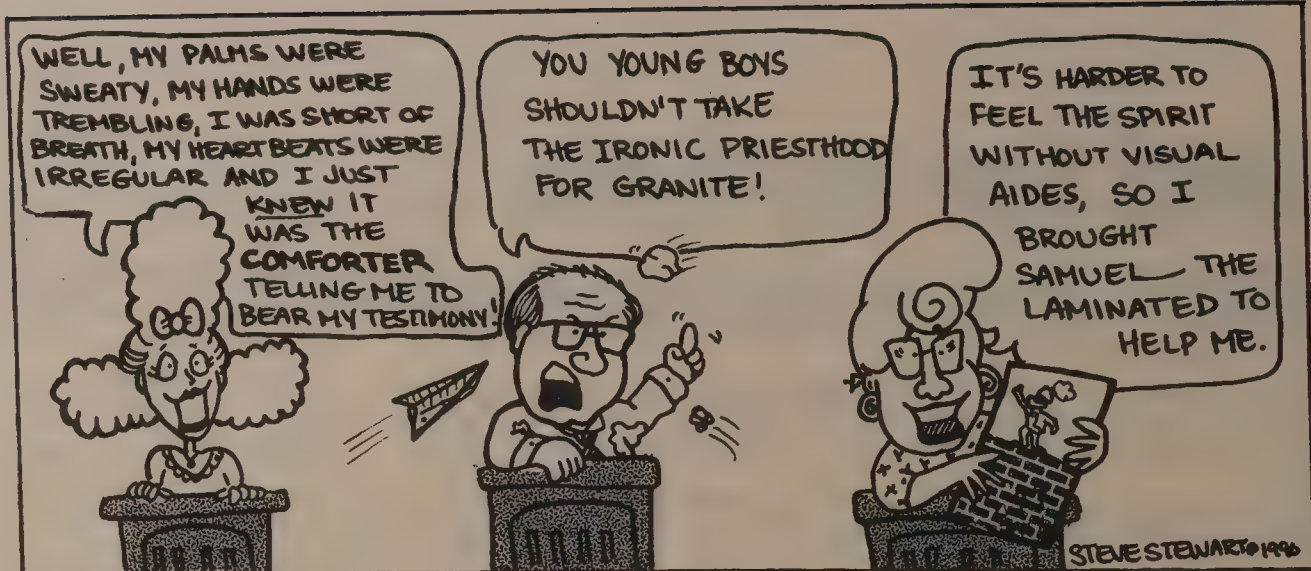
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## Mormon Clichés

by David Jennings

### Conducting Meetings

1. We'd like to welcome you all out
2. . . . this beautiful Sabbath morning
3. Let us begin by singing
4. We'll now hear from
5. We'll now be favored by a special musical number
6. We'll now turn the time over to
7. We'll now prepare ourselves . . . by singing on page
8. We'd like to encourage
9. We'd like to thank all those who have participated
10. Brothers and Sisters, the time is now yours
11. In keeping with
12. We'd like to acknowledge the presence on the stand . . .
13. We'd like to thank the Aaronic Priesthood for the reverent way
14. We'll now dismiss for classes
15. We'll now proceed to that point on our program
16. We'll now hear from our next speaker
17. Brothers and Sisters, we'd like to start on time
18. Brothers and Sisters, the time is short
19. By way of announcement
20. By way of invitation
21. All those who can extend a vote of thanks
22. I'd like to call your attention to

### Lessons and Talks

1. . . . here upon the Earth
2. In our daily lives
3. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt
4. Mantle of authority
5. I want you to know that I know
6. Temple marriage
7. Celestial marriage
8. Eternal marriage
9. Eternal family
10. Forever family
11. Morally clean
12. I say these things humbly
13. I would indeed be ungrateful this day if I didn't stand
14. I'd like to stand
15. If I've ever done anything to offend anybody . . .
16. The spirit came into the room
17. The spirit was so thick you could cut it with a knife
18. It's been a long time since I've borne my testimony
19. When the bishop called last week and asked me to give a talk
20. He/She felt the spirit
21. It was a real testimony to me that
22. We committed him to baptism
23. Sign of the times
24. Last days
25. Millenium
26. . . . permeates every facet of our lives.
27. . . . both temporally and spiritually
28. . . . each and every one of you.

### Prayers

1. that no harm or accident

2. to nourish and strengthen our bodies
3. Bless those who couldn't be here this time . . .
4. We say these things humbly
5. We are indeed grateful this day
6. That we might . . . that we might . . . that we might
7. This day
8. At this time
9. In all that we do and say
10. Help us to keep the Sabbath day holy
11. We ask thy blessings upon the refreshments that they might
12. These blessings and favors . . . and all others that we stand in need of
13. In our daily lives
14. Here upon the earth

### Every Day

1. He's still on his mission
2. Special spirit
3. He has a morality problem
4. He has a Word-of-Wisdom problem
5. He has a testimony problem
6. He's "inactive"
7. Non-member
8. Anti-Mormon
9. Unworthy
10. Non-believer
11. Jack-Mormon
12. Utah-Mormon
13. Investigator
14. He was "called home"
15. He died to fulfill a "higher calling"
16. I can testify to that!
17. Happy Valley
18. Converted
19. New-convert
20. Fetch!
21. Returned missionary
22. Outer darkness
23. Mormon standard time
24. The last days
25. Signs of the times

### Things We Never Want to Hear Again

1. Chief Blue
2. "The Touch of the Master's Hand" (Poem)
3. "Footprints in the Sand" (Story)
4. "In the Hollow of Thy Hand" (Song)
5. Never Let His Light Grow Dim (Song, otherwise known as "I Heard Him Come")
6. "A Thief in Church" (poem about being noisy in meetings)
7. "I'll Build You a Rainbow" (Song)
8. Aloooooo!
9. Story about the old man who waits all day for relatives to visit him on his birthday and then dies when no one comes Δ



# Why BYU and *Student Review* Should Get Along

by John Armstrong

Every time *Student Review* tries getting an answer as to why we are not allowed to distribute on campus, we get different responses. The variety of reasons that we hear indicates two things: *Student Review* has been black-listed for no fault of its own, and those against us cannot agree on why we should be feared. Here are four of the most recent responses.

1. In his question/answer session last December, President Lee said he felt that if *Student Review* were distributed on campus, he would be responsible for it.

Contrary to what President Lee believes, the editors and writers of *Student Review* will not let him claim responsibility for the paper so easily. *Student Review* accepts no subsidy from the University and always prints a disclaimer noting that the opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of the individual authors. If anyone tries to hold President Lee responsible for something in *Student Review*, he could reply, "However much I would like to claim *Student Review* as my own, I'm afraid you'll have to talk with the person who wrote the article."

The geographical area of distribution does not determine who is responsible for the content of any publication. Responsibility for *Student Review's* content will always rest with the students and faculty who write for it.

2. Another reason President Lee gave last December was that because *Student Review's* focus is the BYU community, it can be singled out from other publications distributed on campus.

*Y-News*, *BYU Today*, *The Daily Universe*, *Insight*, *BYU Studies*, *Inscape*, and several other publications also focus on BYU. Admittedly, these other publications are subsidized by BYU and must avoid biting the hand that feeds. But because *Student Review* refuses to accept money with strings attached does not mean that the editors of *Student Review* live in a moral void; we, too, know the limits of responsible journalism. We realize that irresponsible writing only reflects poorly on itself. We exercise restraint out of self-interest.

In fact, it is precisely because *Student Review* focuses on BYU that it should be allowed to distribute on campus. Among all of the other BYU publications, none of them is an open forum where students and faculty can discuss ideas and issues relating to life at BYU. The discussion that *Student Review* provides is a necessary element in any community that claims to be a university.

3. In the April 12 *Daily Universe*, John Gholdston, managing director of *The Daily Universe*, argued that if *Student Review* were allowed on campus, it would place *The Daily Universe* in fiscal jeopardy.

*Student Review's* budget is three percent that of *The Daily Universe*. The competition for advertising money engendered by *Student Review* is being distributed on campus would be negligible—a small price to pay for an open forum. Moreover, fiscal competition between the two papers is not new. To a large extent, *Student Review* already competes with *The Daily Universe* in the same advertising market: the students and faculty of BYU.

4. In his editorial, Gholdston also said that "*The Daily Universe* is a self-supporting laboratory newspaper, under professional guidance which helps students convert classroom information into working knowledge."

In saying this, Gholdston implies that *Student Review* is none of these things. However, *Student Review* is a self-supporting magazine under the direction of a board of trustees which includes Don Norton, Ted Lyon, Eugene England, and Gene Jacobs. Working with *Student Review* not only helps students convert information gained in communications classrooms into working knowledge but also information gained in every other university classroom as. *Student Review* also has an impressive record of placing interested staff persons in jobs with national and international news agencies and publishers. There is no reason to think of *Student Review* as second place to *The Daily Universe* in any of the areas Gholdston mentions. *The Daily Universe* is a newspaper, *Student Review* is a magazine. The two only fill different roles.

In her April 27, 1990 commencement address at the Marriott Center, Mary Ann Glendon unwittingly argued for the vital role of *Student Review* in our community. Glendon said that, as Americans, we not only need to emphasize our rights, but also our responsibilities. Too much emphasis on rights leads to radical individualism. Glendon stressed that involvement in a community is a way to develop responsible citizens and to temper individualism. BYU is such a community.

[The institutions of civil society—including the great universities—can play a crucial role. The inspiring motto of your university, "The Glory of God is Intelligence," resonates for me with the teaching of Thomas Aquinas that fearlessly following our intellect is what enables us to discern divine grace operating in the world, and also what helps us to learn to co-operate with it. We find this same free and bold spirit in President Lee's inaugural address last fall, where he said that Brigham Young University fulfills the trust the Mormon Church has placed in it by creating a "climate for the free and open discussion of ideas," for "creativity," and "for pushing back the frontiers of knowledge and groping beyond." The nation's universities where the potentially self-correcting process of human knowing goes forward, and its communities of obligation where human character is formed, are the mind and the heart of the American experiment in ordered liberty.]

The irony of Dr. Glendon's remarks is that BYU lacks a recognized forum for open discussion of ideas across the boundaries of departments and colleges. The only open forum that does exist, *Student Review*, was politely asked to remove its stands from the peripheries of campus while Dr. Glendon and other university guests visited during graduation week. The embarrassment of discriminating against BYU's only open forum could have been avoided by simply recognizing *Student Review* for what it is—a free, written exchange of ideas associated with BYU.

The climate for open discussion and creativity that President Lee calls for does not exist in the monologue of forum assemblies, devotionals, and firesides. Monologue does not create the community needed for individuals to develop responsibility. Community is only possible where people communicate, and no one communicates through monologue, only through dialogue.

Such a dialogue, *Student Review*, has been benefitting our community for almost four years now. Instead of officially shunning it, we should openly embrace it. Δ

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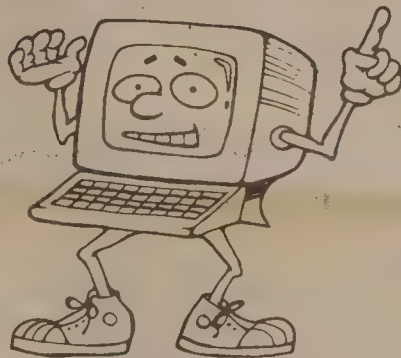
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# How to Write a Letter to the Editor

by Mike Mower and Jon Deal

**A** LONG WITH FINDING A SPOUSE, REGISTERING TO VOTE REPUBLICAN, and confessing your transgressions to your Bishop, something everyone at the Y should do before graduation is write a letter to the good folks at the *Daily Universe*.

This task, unfortunately, is as challenging for most students as filling out BYU financial aid forms and carrying out those unwanted home and visiting teaching duties before the last day of the month.

Well, no more! Thanks to your friends at *Student Review*, a quick and easy form is now available so that everyone can easily express their emotions and exercise the right to freedom of the press all at once.

## Step One: Pick a Topic

This one isn't too difficult as only about seven controversies ever get discussed. So, go ahead and pick one of these perennial favorites:

- ☐ The traffic office
- ☐ R-rated movie goers
- ☐ Persecutors of R-rated movie goers
- ☐ Campus standards
- ☐ Thieves in our midst
- ☐ Geneva Steel posing as a Miss BYU of industry and commerce

## Step Two: Pick a Few Good Words

No letter can be considered a success unless there are a few words that catch the readers' attention, filling them with righteous indignation and wrath at the wrongs they have suffered. Go ahead and select any combination of four:

- ☐ kinder and gentler
- ☐ immoral
- ☐ Communist
- ☐ pollutes
- ☐ Idaho (can be used as an adjective, noun, or maybe even a verb)
- ☐ sinful
- ☐ prophetic
- ☐ repentance
- ☐ free agency
- ☐ sexual repression (really doesn't apply to Geneva Steel complaint)
- ☐ spiritual (can be used anytime, in any context)

Students also try to use "damn" and "hell" when they are really mad at bicyclists on campus, but those words never seem to make it in print. We suggest: "scrugg," "fetch," and, well, "Southern California."

## Step Three: Prominence Lends Credibility

Pick a name, any name, and pretend he/she has endorsed your position. With enough judicious editing, anyone can appear to have said anything. If you need an example of this, just read any anti-Mormon pamphlet. Anti-Mormons can make it look like Mormons support everything from polygamous men on the moon dressed as Quakers to denying black women the priesthood. We suggest one or more of the following:

- ☐ Rex E. Lee
- ☐ Hugh Nibley
- ☐ Jason Chaffetz
- ☐ Mother Theresa
- ☐ your cousin's Bishop's brother who heard it from....
- ☐ Mom, Dad, and other assorted non-flag burners

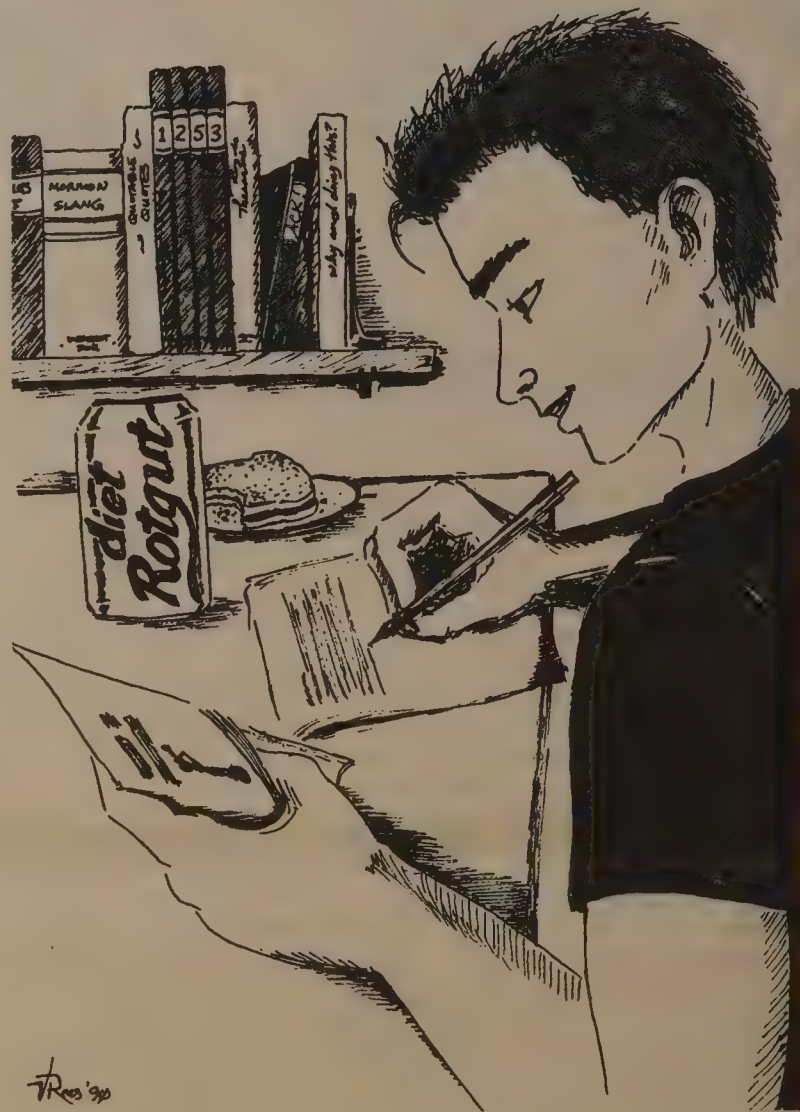
## Step Four: Pandering to the Religious Right

And now, in order to influence the ward budget payers who may read your epistle, it helps to throw in an irrelevant scripture or two. This really impresses *Daily Universe* readers who fancy themselves as Scholar-Saints. Consider these:

- ☐ Mosiah 3:16 "For they are carnal and devilish, and the devil has power over them."
- ☐ Ezra 10:44 "All these had taken strange wives: and some of them had children by them."
- ☐ Proverbs 5:3 "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb and her mouth is smoother than oil."
- ☐ Exodus 28:21 "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall surely be stoned."
- ☐ Matthew 5:48 "Be ye therefore perfect."

## Step Five: Throwing Down the Gauntlet

No self-respecting letter writer, like a church speaker, would be worth their salt if they failed to issue a challenge to their audience. Select one,



unless you're writing about Standards, in which case you might want to include an entire volume.

- ☐ I wish Rex E. Lee would learn to understand the needs of us sock-haters as well as he understands the Constitution.
- ☐ Just grow up everyone, GROW UP!
- ☐ When will we have a REAL University here, anyway?
- ☐ Brigham Young University. Love it or leave it.
- ☐ Will the immoral jerk who stole my backpack turn it in? Damn it, I need it now and I'm just about to do something about it myself!

## Step Six: "Close Quote"

Before you add your, "Mary Smith, Reno, Nevada" or "John McKay and fifty other butt-kicking Helaman Halls residents," it's nice to add a finishing touch, preferably in the form of a recognizable quote. Here are a few of our favorites:

- ☐ Enter to learn, go forth to serve.
- ☐ There is a sucker born every minute.
- ☐ The world is our campus, but we don't have to be so worldly, we can rise above everyone else and set our own standards and watch as others flock to us because they admire the way we live.
- ☐ If it feels good, for heaven's sake stop doing it right now!
- ☐ You can fool all of the people some of the time, most of the people all of the time, but those BYU traffic cops are like bloodsucking leeches who lie in lustful wait for you to inadvertently park your cars in an "A" zone.

There, now you have done it. You've organized your thoughts clearly and convincingly and when your letter is published, it will probably be the "Shot heard round the campus" that really brings to pass some great changes. Δ



# The Fabulous 1990 Brigham Awards

by Rebecca Christensen and Steve Gibson

This years winners of the prestigious Brigham Film Award include the following:

**Most Inspirational: Priceless Bride**

The highly acclaimed Johnny Lingo continues his quest for a true ten cow wife after Mahana leaves him to pursue her modeling career. His journey takes him to Beaver, Utah, where, at a stake Special-Interest dance he is struck with the inner beauty of young Joanna Brooks. Excellent supporting acting by Bessie, Daisy, Miss O'Leary's cow, and Brett Blake.

**Best Actor: Fatal Transaction**

Joe Cannon, in the critically acclaimed Fatal Transaction, depicts a seemingly benevolent financial resource for a young university president. As the plot unfolds, the atmosphere thickens, making the revered president's morning runs impossible. Some say this film is tainted. We say it "taint enough."

**Best Sound Track: Filthy Prancing**

AfterGlow and Janice Kapp Perry team up in this musical adventure. It's the story of Skip Daily, former Young Ambassador turned Chippendale dancer. Songs like "Blame it on the Refrain" help illustrate Skip's struggle with the satanic influences of rock and roll. Cameo appearances by Cher, Madonna, Alice Cooper, and a special number by the BYU Courga-ettes. Great choreography by Matt Coates.

**Most Effective Conversion Tool: The Good News Brothers**

Larry Kestler and John Armstrong play twins, separated at birth, now reunited in the Antarctica South Mission. Determined to be the best missionaries the world has ever seen, they bring investigators to baptism by singing their special brand of the blues. Sheet music of their original hits is available at Deseret Book and D.I.

**Best Supporting Crew: Provo-Cop**

The story of one man, a recycled standards councilor against the hordes of heathens infiltrating the BYU campus. The suspense builds as the heathens pressure innocent temple recommend holders into growing their hair and shortening their skirts. In one violent scene, an elders' quorum symbolically burns their socks. When receiving the award, the producer thanked the students of BYU for making the film possible by their candid role as the support crew.

**Best Horror Film: Close Encounter All The Time**

The story of a small-town university that exceeds its enrollment quota to such a degree that the weight and mass of the combined student population distorts the orbit of the earth, which in turn throws off the balance of the solar system causing the Milky Way Galaxy to radically alter its course, destroying the Universe. This movie made its premiere in the Varsity II on our own BYU campus. However, none of the students who attended realized they were at a premiere. One student remarked, "Heck, I thought this was my American Heritage class." Rumor has it that the screenplay for this movie was actually written by a BYU administration official.

**Film Least Likely to Tell Your Bishop You Saw: Sixteen Vandals**

The story of sixteen disenchanted freshmen who feel confined by the conservative environment of a large mid-western university. They choose to protest their conditions, first by stealing silverware and bananas from the school cafeteria. One by one they each develop a psychotic obsession with large appliances which symbolize the oppression they feel. In a late night fit of passion the appliances are thrown from the top of the dorm. Excellent stunt work by Frigidaire.

**Best Documentary: Driving Students Crazy**

A training film for faculty, administration and staff at a church affiliated university. Contains graphic footage of student response to techniques such as "the run around," "the wild goose chase," "arbitrary enforcement," and "the random sock check." The documentary was produced with the intent to help faculty and staff prepare students for the real world. When asked about the relevancy of the "sock doctrine," the producers remarked, "Wearing clean socks is just as important as wearing clean underwear. You can never tell when you may have an accident." The writer of the screenplay is a world renown expert on Machiavellian diplomacy.

**Honorable Mentions included:**

Nephi Jones and the Lost Ten Tribes  
The Dead Prophets Society  
Manna in the Spring  
Rex and Janet's Excellent Adventure  
Honey, We Must Have Kids  
The Break the Fast Club  
Fetch  
The Good, the Bad, and the Unmarried Δ

## STUDENT REVIEW WANTS YOU

AT THE FALL RECRUITMENT MEETING  
*For anyone who's ever thought of getting involved.*

**Tuesday, September 11  
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# Not For Long

by Jill Place

**I**N THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED MAN and woman. In his image he created them, and he blessed them. Then he created the beasts of the earth and the fowl of the air, and he looked at it all, everything he'd made, and he thought to himself, "This is very good." Then he left, and the man and woman got in a quarrel over a little round fruit, and ever since then we've had problems.

June 15

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Okay stop. No way. Jen and I graduate in a week, so Bishop Sinclair said we could start going to young adult dances and I met an *immortal* guy at a dance tonight. I wore the new dress I made—oh yeah—*thank you* Jen for blurting out "Debbie made her dress today" when Trent (oh that's his name—what a cool name—he's an RM, too—he went to Italy and bought tons of clothes and stuff). So Trent told me I looked really mod in the dress (it's really short and 60-ish), and Jen screamed "She made it—Debbie sews all her clothes." She's jealous because she asked him to dance before I did but he didn't keep dancing with her like he did with me for three songs and one was a slow one and we talked and he dances slow songs holding my right hand to his chest (and I die when guys do that) and he goes to BYU! Yes! We go back to BYU together, date, get serious... No, just joking. But he's *so* hot and I hope I see him again. Like *now*.

Trent:

Hey,

Met an o.k. girl at a dance. Right out of high school. Pretty cool black dress. Hot legs. She goes to BYU in the fall. 18.

June 30

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Okay *no way*. It's impossible. Jen and I have gone to the young adult ward for two weeks but Trent hasn't come until today when—*thank you*—I gave a talk and he smiled through the whole thing. He said it was a "Killer" talk and I saw him speaking with John Hardy and I caught him pointing at me—so yes, I'm excited.

Trent:

Hey,

Went to church because I haven't been since I left BYU and that girl Debbie from that dance spoke. Awesome talk. Seems really cool, so I talked to John who just said, "She's young dude." No matter.

July 15

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Okay stop. I mean it. Last night—yes, *thank you*—I went out with Trent and we had the greatest time walking along the pier and throwing French bread to the seagulls and he held my hand but he didn't try to kiss me which is okay since I wouldn't have kissed him anyway and that would have been

awkward. He wears Drakkar. We talked about how it's so crummy that people have to look good to succeed in society and he stopped, looked down at my hand in his, and said, "But you know what's sad? I probably wouldn't be with you tonight if you weren't as beautiful as you are." *Die*. I'm massacred. He is immortal. I said it already.

Trent:

Hey,

Went out with Debbie last night. Took her to the pier. Pretty funny when I chucked bread at a seagull to get rid of it and Debbie started feeding it. Stacks of seagulls all over. I gave her the "You're beautiful" bit and would have kissed her but she looked like she wanted it too much. Wasn't lying about the beautiful part, though. Probably see her again.

July 30

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Stop. It's out of control. Just stop. I'm not even going to write about Trent anymore because I'm in love and you'll get sick of hearing it. So we've gone out at least four times and we talk on the phone all the time (and he is funny on the phone—he can imitate anybody on Saturday Night Live and old cartoons) oh, but the most important part! Dun Dun Dun Dun—drum roll please—he kissed me and it was—I don't know—eternal in nature or something. (Okay that sounds weird, but he acts like he really likes me a lot and I love him. I

wouldn't tell him that, of course, but I think he knows and I think he could feel that way for me, too.) But it was under an awning on the side of the house in a thunderstorm when he brought me home after curfew and we tried to sneak me in. He just stopped, pulled me close, and kissed me. Then we just stood there *talkin' and stuff* for a long time. *Thank you* mom for not waiting up.

Trent:

Hey,

Deb's hot. Movie ended late and this storm made it hard to drive home. We tried to sneak her in the back way. Haven't kissed her till tonight. Wanted to keep it platonic. No hope. Really like her. *Damn*.

August 30

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Trent gets here at BYU tomorrow and I'm about to die without him. Other guys don't even look good to me, especially not in my ward. They're all DT guys. I miss Trent *so much*.

Our apartment is so great—Jen and I feel so old—I mean we have our own apartment and *no curfew*.

Trent:

Hey,

Drive tomorrow with Steve back to

**continued  
on next page**





# Why My Mission Rules Were Instituted

by Scott Elgin Calhoun

**M**Y MISSION HAD NUMEROUS RULES BEYOND the white handbook. I've briefly explained how some of these began.

12. Do not have undignified phone answering machine messages.

This rule was installed because of Elder J.B. Brown's message, "Hey you fetchers, we ain't home (belch), scrud."

21. Do not wear friendship bracelets, yarn, string or similar wrist wear.

This rule came about because of the close connection between reggae culture and colorful woven bracelets. Missionaries would walk rhythmically, and find themselves on the beach in the middle of the day. In discussions they would say, "most people believe in Jah, although they know him by different names."

22. Do not tan.

This one is obvious. The skin just gets too creamy white underneath all those clothes. A severe burn is unavoidable. So, all in all, the pasty look is preferred in most missions. This rule became law when Elder Sven Ericksen, a Swedish missionary serving in Texas was burnt so badly that his skin looked like a horned toad's.

39. Do not fish from a boat or on the water.

Seemingly in opposition to the Savior's admonition to become "fishers of men" and most of the original apostles' occupations, this rule was instituted because of an accident on the Columbia River. Elder Jones and Hartson had already landed two sturgeon and were going for a third when Jones reared back to cast and caught his #3 hook and salmon egg in Elder Hartson's eyeball.

40. Do not proselyte in jails, prisons, detention homes, halfway houses, mental hospitals, etc.

Although this rule seems in opposition to the Savior's words, "I was in prison and ye came unto me," it actually makes a lot of sense. This rule came about because of one Elder Fitz's fascination with prison life. He and his companion would go everyday to visit Sam P. Greenwald and other inmates. He was there so often that the inmates would high-five him as he walked down the prison halls. This all ended when Fitz sensed the injustice of the system and smuggled in an electric drill to Greenwald. Fitz now talks to Greenwald about Jesus everyday.

19. Do not wear a trenchcoat without a suit coat underneath.

This one is easy. Most missionaries wear suits made of the strongest unnatural fibers known to man: Swedish Knit threads. These suits are not only warm, they also act as a shield in cycling accidents, and as a protection against dog bites. So obviously, wearing you trenchcoat without your suit coat is living dangerously.

23. Do not wear artsy, crafts, cutsie ties.

Elder Daniel Sinoa nudged this rule on to the list when he wore his Thailand bellydancer tie to hear a General Authority speak. Elder Stan Bundy didn't help either when he played his musical "Jingle Bells" tie at each door for forty-six blocks tracting. In August.

51. Do not have pets.

When Elders Dan Haab and N. White brought that little St. Bernard puppy into their twelve by eight foot apartment it all seemed very cozy. Six months and fifteen bags of Puppy Chow later, neither the dog nor elders seemed too happy about the arrangement.

35. Do not go to gyms, weight rooms, or spas. One time exercise is dangerous. Once missionaries get out of shape it is better to keep them out of shape. Gyms might tempt them into overexertion with visions of rude, raw health.

45. Do not play full-court basketball.

There are two lines of thinking at work here. First of all, most missionaries gain between ten and forty pounds on their missions, making it very difficult to stop after a full court drive. Secondly, for the missionary's unconditioned heart, all this running spells imminent cardiovascular arrest. Even beyond these concerns there is something about the free-wheeling nature of full-court hoop that unleashes the desire to play naked basketball. This is what happened to Elder Lones. At about 2 a.m., their whole district was down at the Stake Center in nothing but high-tops. That pretty much ended full-court play.

So as you can see, rules that might seem picayunish at face value, are really quite sensible if we look a little deeper. Δ

Not for long from previous page

school. Suck it's 15 hours. Deb's there now. Haven't seen her for 5 days. Pretty hard. Steve said all this about her age. I said screw you I'll do whatever I want. 18, though. Wouldn't work out.

September 2

Deb:

Dear Journal,

Yesterday I walked to Trent's apartment to see him, but he was really sleepy. He said almost nothing and it made me scared or nervous—I mean he hardly even looked at me. Jen said he was just tired. He hasn't called me yet.

Trent:

Hey,

Went to DV8 with Steve and Ron last night. They gave me the "Play the field" speech. Blew it off. Cool guys, though. Deb came by and I was pretty cold. Hard to act that way to her. For the best, though. Met this girl Sherry last night. Kappa chick.

Later— Δ

LIFE IN HELL

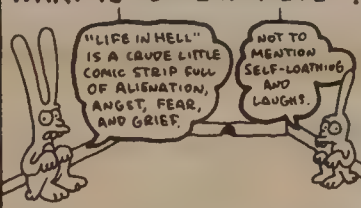
VILLAGE VOICE SPECIAL

© 1988  
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GREENING

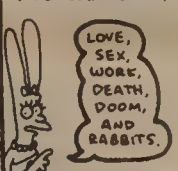
## LIFE IN HELL EXPLAINED

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THIS CARTOON FOR NEOPHYTES AND A QUICK REMEDIAL COURSE FOR THOSE WHO HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ATTENTION

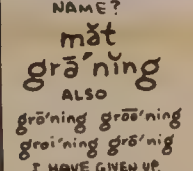
WHAT IS "LIFE IN HELL"?



WHAT ARE THE MAJOR THEMES OF THIS CARTOON?



HOW THE HELL DO YOU PRONOUNCE THE CARTOONIST'S NAME?



DRAMATIS PERSONAE



<b>BINKY</b> <b>WHO:</b> THE STAR. <b>DISTINGUISHING FEATURES:</b> TWO GROTESQUE EARS, BUGGY EYES, TWITCHING. <b>EMOTIONAL STATE:</b> BITTER, DEPRESSED, NERVOUS.	<b>SHEBA</b> <b>WHO:</b> RABBIT-ON-THE-LO. <b>DISTINGUISHING FEATURES:</b> BASICALLY, BINKY IN DRAG. <b>EMOTIONAL STATE:</b> GENERALLY MIFFED, OCCASIONALLY STEAMED.	<b>AKBAR &amp; JEFF</b> <b>WHO:</b> BROTHERS, OR LOVERS, OR BOTH. <b>DISTINGUISHING FEATURES:</b> FEZZES, BIG NOSES, BOTH EYES ON SAME SIDE OF HEAD. <b>EMOTIONAL STATE:</b> INSCRUTABLE.	<b>BONGO</b> <b>WHO:</b> BINKY'S ILLEGITIMATE SON. <b>DISTINGUISHING FEATURES:</b> TAKE A GUESS. <b>EMOTIONAL STATE:</b> SQUELCHED.
--	---	--	--

LIFE IN HELL FUN FACTS  
BINKIES IN HISTORY

IN WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY'S NOVEL VAMPIRE, THERE'S A MINOR CHARACTER NAMED LORD BINKY.  
IN RUDYARD KIPPLING'S NOVEL THE LIGHT THAT FAILED, THERE'S A DOG NAMED BINKY.  
UNTIL HE WAS 8 YEARS OLD, SYLVESTER STALLONE WAS CALLED BINKY.  
JUSTIN GREEN CREATED THE CLASSIC UNDERGROUND COMIX CHARACTER BINKY BROWN.  
THERE'S A RESTAURANT ON SUNSET BOULEVARD IN LOS ANGELES CALLED BINKY KNU.  
THE ORIGINAL TWO-PIECE SWIM SUIT WAS CALLED THE BINKY-IF.

IS BINKY KNOWN IN OTHER LANDS?

YES, BUT BY MANY DIFFERENT NAMES. IN MEXICO, THE CHILDREN CALL HIM EL BINKO. IN GREECE, HE IS BINKENTIOS. IN INDIA, HE IS KNOWN AS BINKINANDA. IN PARTS OF THE USA, HE IS CALLED SATAN.

PLEASE CLIP AND SAVE THIS FEATURE. THE LABYRINTHINE COMPLEXITIES OF THIS CARTOON WILL BE EXPLAINED ADEQUATELY AGAIN.

WHAT DO BINKY AND BONGO DO ALL DAY?



WILL THE CHARACTERS IN "LIFE IN HELL" EVER ACHIEVE TRUE HAPPINESS?





## SR Needs

Pagemaker users for page layout  
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Get involved on September 11.

# Support Cancer Research at BYU

Saturday, September 15  
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First Annual

## RUN FOR LIFE



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- Race-day, 7:30 AM, Law Building Parking Lot

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## The Year In Eavesdropper

First male: "Weren't you in my diving class last semester?"

Second male: "Yeah, I was."

First male: "I almost didn't recognize you with your clothes on."

Girl: "No way. They didn't really call her Mom."

Girl's friend: "I swear. She told me."

Girl: "On their wedding night? What'd they do? Ask for directions?"

Girl's friend: "She said they got confused."

First D.T. boy: "I'm excited for this week."

Second D.T. boy: "Yeah?"

First D.T. boy: "Tater tots, dude."

Second D.T. boy: "Dude!"

Blockbuster video clerk: "May I help you?"

Culturally enlightened student: "Yes, do you have *Don Giovanni* on video cassette?"

Clerk: "Could you spell that?"

Student: "G-I-..."

Clerk: "No, the first name."

Student: "D-O-N."

Clerk: "I'm not showing any listings. Could that be under 'Donald'?"

Girl: "I'm English and Danish. What are you?"

Guy: "I'm mainly Spanish."

Girl: "Wow, you don't look Spanish. You look European!"

Freshman: "Why do I have to take all that stupid GE when I'm just here to get out of the house and find a guy?"

Friend: "Yeah, like when I'm having a family, Biology 100 is going to do me any good. It's so stupid."

### LIFE IN HELL

©1990 BY  
MATT  
GROENING





# General Conference to be Held in Cougar Stadium

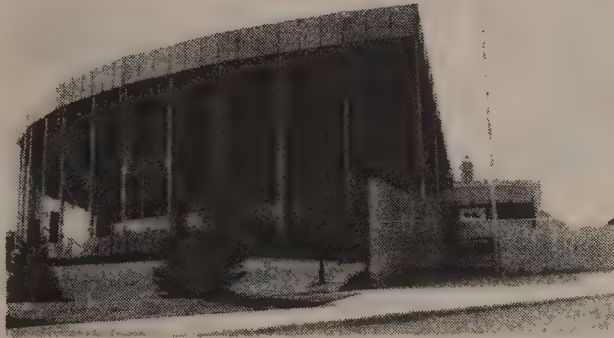
**M**ORMON LEADERS ANNOUNCED TODAY that the 160th Semi-Annual General Conference will be held in Cougar Stadium.

The decision to shift from the traditional Tabernacle to Cougar Stadium does not come as a surprise to many, as crowds and overflow rooms have become more and more prevalent in recent years. Blane Murdock, Mormon theologian at the University of Utah, said, "The Brethren have been toying with the idea of a change of scenery for a long time. They want to create a new, inspiring ambience."

In addition to the new location, a Church spokesperson said the format of the Conference will be changed as well. "It's going to require a lot of audience participation. Prior to the Conference, we will put a dome on the roof in case of rain or snow, and also so the laser light show can be easily seen while the choir sings. When the Conference is about to start, all the lights will go out except for one. It will shine on the edge of the field and the Quorums of the Seventy will run out, busting through a paper "Choose the Right!" banner. They'll make two lines and give handshakes to the Apostles as they come out. Brother Monson said it would be just like giving 'high fives' for team spirit.

"Then, when everyone's quiet, the prophet will arrive and they'll all take their seats on a new rotating stage which will make it possible for all to see the speakers. When the conductor asks the audience to sustain people for different offices, he'll lead the stands to raise their right hands in a wave, in sync with the stage's rotation. It'll be hard to pull off, but if it works, it could be really inspiring.

Toward the middle of each session, the choir will don metallic robes and sing while marching in de-



signs around the stage. A laser light show will accentuate the music. As a grand finale, grandchildren of the Brethren will perform a baton-twirling act to the choir's rendition of "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning."

Outside, the new Deseret Blimp will quote important passages and points from the proceedings, so drivers and those in the parking lots can receive the word as well. The blimp's 200,000 light, digital display screen will be visible from up to a half-mile away, and Church economists predict that the blimp's revenues from Embryo Studios' and Deseret Books' advertisements should exceed the five-digit mark, augmenting Church Welfare funds. Following the Conference, a "linger-longer" tailgating party in the surrounding parking lots will nourish the masses with specially-provided meals of fish-and-chips." Δ

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## TOP FIFTY

1. Rex E. Lee
2. Reverently
3. Quietly
4. Annie Dillard
5. Ward budget demise
6. Temple-per-city
7. Thriving houseplants
8. Mikhail Gorbachev
9. Student Enquirer
10. Bart Simpson for BYUSA President
11. William Zinsser
12. New book smell
13. Mother in Heaven
14. Non-Mormon professors
15. Free elections in Nicaragua
16. Bread and cheese
17. Daylight until 9:30
18. When hamsters yawn
19. Helvecio Martins
20. Professors in 501s
21. Skinny-dipping in the High Sierras
22. HFAC nudes
23. Men washing dishes
24. Getting above the smog
25. International Cinema
26. Nelson Mandela
27. Warm mud between your toes
28. America's Funniest Home Videos
29. Gary Burgess' opinion page
30. Being mission-bound
31. Fall of the Berlin Wall
32. R.J. Snow
33. BYU recycling campaign
34. Face to face negotiations

35. Eye contact
36. Lavell Edwards smiling
37. KBYU-FM
38. KJQ
39. Mormons everywhere
40. Blue skies
41. Long, hot showers
42. Demythologizing Lenin
43. Q-tips
44. Clean hair
45. Toplessness (of cars)
46. Eastern Europe
47. The first star
48. Raspberries
49. Weddings
50. Richard Rorty

### Bottom Twenty

New Continuing Ecclesiastical Endorsement clause on church attendance, mandatory insurance price hike, telemarketing, getting your Dukakis bumper sticker ripped off, neon nail polish, racism, post-mission syndrome, grade whiners, provincial anti-provincial universalism, sexist language, male gynecologists, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Mormon kitsch, Infiniti car commercials, Wilkinson Center silver anniversary commemorative coins, people who say "library" for library or "sammich" for sandwich, library sniper, Provo traffic lights, shaving for softball games, Especially for Youth.



# New Courses and Seminars

by Gary Burgess

**I**n an effort to promote education and self-awareness among the student body at BYU, the university has developed a series of seminars and discussion groups through the evening school. The following is a tentative listing of courses to be offered in February and March.

**How to Draw Upon the Powers of Heaven in a Fix**

Open your own heavenly hotline through this informal seminar. Those unable to draw upon the powers of heaven will be thrown out on the street and left for the wild animals

and beasts of the forest.

**Anger Workshop for Men**

Many of us have problems expressing anger. Too often we draw within ourselves and let others continue to exploit us or take advantage of us. This group will meet twice monthly and practice various ways of reacting, asserting, and defending.

**Cosmo's Recent Comments on World Hunger: A Discussion Group**

This group formed in November to keep students abreast of Cosmo's latest proposals concerning poverty and malnutrition in the

Third World. Bi-weekly meetings will be announced.

**The Young Ambassadors: Symbolic of Our Historical and Cultural Values, or Just Perky**

Gardening for the Endomorph

**The Future for Marxist Musicals at BYU**

We are at the end of an era. After the success of "A New Shirt for Lenny," the story of a diseased and exploited Food Services employee, audiences are wondering what musical will best express the discontent of the proletariat at BYU.

**You Seen Him? Where Can I Go To Find Him? Will He Be There When I Need Him?**  
Text: *Jimmy, the Wandering Years.*

**If I Had a Liquidifier, What Would I Do With It?**

**Children Eating Grass and Women Selling Their Hair: Images of Wymount Terrace**

Slide shows and home videos will be shown by married students at Wymount in order to pay their grocery bills. Cash donations, as well as contributions of Saltines and Nutra-Sweet, will be encouraged.

**The Bishop's Hug, or, Expressing Love Through Right or Obtuse Angles**

In a series of workshops, former Bishops will explain the methods by which they avoided close physical contact, and were still able to express affection and concern for the members of the ward. Text: *Left-Armed Love*, by Raymond McNeal.

**Dance For Success**

Learn how bright and intelligent students dance at Provo's most famous nightspots, as recorded on videotape. Learn how to pull off complex dance maneuvers, self-flagellation on the dance floor, and why cold cuts and freshwater trout are great for stuffing your shirt and blouse pockets.

**Travel Tips for the Tourist in Southern Utah**

This nationally famous backwater region is more inviting to the traveler than ever, as its quaint, small town appeal is becoming more accessible by road, and by deer trail. From electrified fences to high school AP courses, the area is rapidly assimilating technology and ideas from the outside world.

**Self-Esteem Through Winning**

**Building a Happy Marriage Through Goal Setting, Self-Hypnosis, and Small Gifts**

**The Gift of Being Single**

You can be your own best friend. Find out who you are and learn to love, nurture and cuddle yourself, even when you don't have a friend in the world. The class provides facial tissue and a warm supportive environment for self-discovery and personal growth.

**Understanding God and Man Through Informal Discussion and Field Trips**

Students will visit the BYU Dairy and a fish farm in Orem.

**When and Where to Wear Your Ethnic Clothing**

Open necked shirts, gaucho pants, 5 x 8 afro wigs, Viking leggings, tall black hats and conga drums are all becoming popular as clothing accessories. Learn when to be a swinging individual, while expressing concern for Third World underdevelopment. Δ

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"Family Home Evening" becomes "Guy's Night Out": A Look at the New Manual

Men in the Church are slugging each other's shoulders and getting in headlocks more often on Monday nights. Analysis will focus on lodge meetings, bowling tournaments, sleeveless t-shirts and what the new manual means for the single, drug-free college male.

"Who Sees Jimmy Osmond These Days?"

Discussion will revolve around the questions: Have

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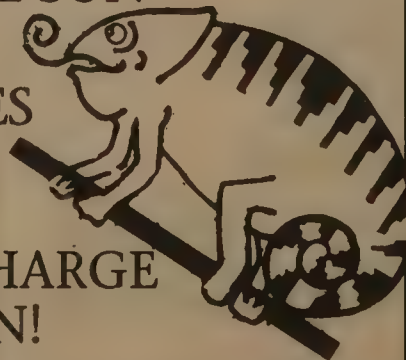
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# The Frog and the Fly (An Adult Fairy Tale)

by Phil Jacobsen

ONCE IN THE MARSHLANDS OF IPSWITCH THERE LIVED A TADPOLE. THIS TADPOLE WAS HAPPY, FOR HE HAD A friend, a friend who could fly. The tadpole called his friend "Fly," and Fly called his friend the tadpole "Carcass"—"Carc" for short (the tadpole was lucky fly hadn't chosen the latter half). They would spend all day together. Carc would race up and down the brook in which he lived, and Fly would skim the water just above Carc's head. When chasing each other got boring, they would play hide-and-go-seek. But they always disagreed on the rules.

"You can't hide underneath the moss," Fly would say. "What do you want me to do? Drown and die?"

"And you can't hide on the land," Carc would say, "What do you want me to do? Breathe and die?"

After a bad game of hide-and-go-seek, they would always discuss how much fun it would be if they could play tag together. Fly said if he got his wings wet, he would die. And if Carc got his gills dry, he too would die. How were they supposed to play tag, if they couldn't touch each other?

At night Carc would sleep as close to the surface as possible, and Fly would sleep on a maple leaf, floating above Carc. In the morning they would continue to play, and at night they would dream of playing together.

As the summer whisked by, their friendship grew. They accepted each other for how they were, and not for what they wanted each other to become. But then one day Fly noticed that Carc was becoming something that neither had wished. He was becoming a mutant.

"You are too."

"I am not."

"Are."

"Not."

"Well then," said Fly, "if you're not contaminated then what are you?"

"I'm your friend, Carc."

"My friend Carc does not have four appendages."

"Fly, something is happening to me that I can't explain," Carc said as he unknowingly crawled up onto the river's edge.

"You're out of the water!" screamed Fly as he buzzed around Carc's head. "You're going to die! Get back in the water!"

"Hey, I can breathe air. I'm not going to die," Carc said as he hopped into the grass that lined the bank of the river. "Let's go play."

And they did!

They played tag, because they were able to touch. They played leap frog, but they had no idea that that was what it was called. They played all night, and it wasn't until the next morning that they found time to rest.

"What are you stopping for?" Fly said. "We're just beginning to have fun."

"I can't go on," said Carc. "I'm hungry."

"Hungry?"

"Yes. Hungry."

"Don't be such a loser," Fly said to Carc, not realizing that he was a fly and that Carc was a frog. "Besides, what are you supposed to eat now?"

And Carc lived happily ever after.

Moral of the story: even best friends have quick tongues. Δ

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## On Death and Earth in Autumn

by Julie K. Curtis

I CANNOT FORGET MY FATHER'S CALL. IT WAS VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING when the telephone rang. With a sob, he told me my grandfather had died during the night. Dad was crying, and I too wept. And then I went out to walk in the early sun.

Grandpa always loved walking, and this morning reminded me of countless walks with him when I was very young. The sun was shining with the deep, bright golden rays of Indian summer. The grass was wet with dew, and the trees' yellowing leaves glinted as they fell to the ground. Walking up a hill, I paused just to breathe and close my eyes and let the sun bathe my eyelids with gentle warmth, and to whisper a swift prayer for strength.

When I opened my eyes, the whole hill seemed to come alive. A breeze brushed my face and sent a wave through the trees and bushes around me. Songs of a half dozen birds floated through the air, and the scolding chirp of a grasshopper rose from the brush on my right. The pyracantha hedge was deep green and bright yellow, its berries a flaming orange. The dandelions at my feet lost their seeds one by one in the breeze. The air tasted sweet and cool, and the sky was a flawless, fresh blue, and the sun fell down upon it all.

Then I felt the earth breathe. It was a sigh, a heavy, woeful sigh that was like a very gentle tremor through the morning. A dozen unseen wings fluttered, and the underbrush stirred with sudden movement. I held my breath for a moment and closed my eyes and felt the sigh die away, and life resumed. I recognized the sigh, a kind of lament, and tears rose again to my eyes.

"A voice from the bowels of the Earth said, 'Wo, wo is me, the mother of men; I am pained, I am weary. . . when shall I rest and be cleansed. . . when will my Creator sanctify me?'" (Moses 7:48).

I never felt the temporal earth so alive as I did that morning. In my sorrow I contemplated the incredible vitality of life. I knew the Earth, a spiritual Earth, was alive.

I was struck by the irony of finding myself in the middle of autumn in my state of mind; autumn is the season of life and death. Around me were the greens and golds of leaves quivering on their branches, the last of wild sweet peas going to seed. In every thing life was preparing to pause and rest.

How weary I would become if I were the earth, and I watched the death and life of every moment, and I felt my children weep as they misunderstood that process. I too would sigh a lament, and whisper, if I could, that this too must pass.

I walked along a canyon path and stopped to examine a dead wasp that lay in the dust. Scooping it onto a crisp fallen maple leaf, I brushed the dust off with the tip of my little finger and held it up in the sunlight. The armored black of its body and tiny yellow and black hairs of its thorax were in stark contrast to the delicate ivory-pink of the leaf. It must have just fallen from the air, for it lay perfectly preserved, wings spread and body curved in flying posture. I wondered what breath of life had been taken from it, seemingly with no warning at all.

Could this be a portion of the spirit of the earth? If she is mother of humans, she must too be mother of animals and plants. Are the spirits of other organisms descended from the great spirit of the whole living planet? She must be not only our elemental but also our spiritual mother.

I paused again in the canyon at the top of a talus bank. I leaned back against a boulder and gazed at the opposite canyon wall. The canyon was narrow and winding, following the bed of an ancient river that now is merely a seasonal stream. The bends seemed to have been cut by an immense jigsaw knife. I looked at the high gray cliffs full of crags and cracks, frosted with patches of white shale. Trees in autumn reds and golds and evergreens splashed across the mountains. More trees filled long v-shaped crevices that fell like old men's beards to the bottom of the canyon and gave the steep cliffs a wizened, ancient dignity. A dry, scratchy breeze brushed along the cliffs and my face, and wild bees' wings glinted in the sun as they drifted through the air below me. Strands of spiders' webs stretched between branches of red maple and yellow oak beside my bank of rocks, and again I thought I felt the earth sigh. This time, however, I felt the age of the earth.

From its origin it has moved and twisted and been eroded by millenia of seasons and ages. The last dinosaurs and first humans, the fires and floods, the fall of man, civilizations and wars and peace and progress: these are the memories of Mother Earth. What manner of wisdom does she wish to impart to her children, and will we listen?

I tremble when I cry. My shoulders shake and tears come rolling down my cheeks and my eyelashes stick together and a lump forms at the back of my throat. When my father told me of my grandfather's death, I immediately went outside to question the spirit that knows most about death, though I didn't quite realize the extent of her wisdom at the time. I first felt the tremor that gave me comfort, as if in sympathy, from my elemental mother, Earth. She trembled, and her lament came from far beneath me, from a molten and vital heart that knows each process of living and dying. She assured me that all would be well. I then felt the tremor of her age of maternity, her knowledge from creation to the origin of life to nature of humans, to even the death of my grandfather. She showed her wisdom, and she spoke her love. Because I listened I could hear, and because I heard I was comforted.

I am a blood descendent of my grandfather—I grieve at his death. I am also a daughter of the Earth; to each organism and spirit I am relative through a divine descent. Just as in life my grandfather could love and comfort me, so does my mother Earth communicate her empathy in my sorrow.

I feel the whole world sigh for death, for death is a part of everything; even Earth itself will someday pass away. I find the earth's sigh is not only a lament but also a song of joy; it is a song of life. Some day, when all the knowledge of the earth is revealed to us, I believe I will find myself in a reunited world gathered by my mother spirit to a single family: Earth. Δ





# A Personal Brush with the Void

by Stuart Swindle

**B**EFORE EDWARD ABBEY DIED LAST YEAR, HE WROTE EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT HOW HIS DISCIPLES WERE TO CELEBRATE HIS PASSING. In accordance with these instructions, on May 20, 1989, nearly two and a half months after Abbey's body had been placed in an unmarked desert grave ("to fertilize the growth of a cactus"), about five hundred of his faithful followers sat down on the slickrock at Arches National Park to carry out his last wishes with a merry memorial service. There was singing and dancing, poetry and storytelling, classical music and elegies for the deceased. All in all, it was a very humanistic celebration of life. I wasn't there; I read about it in the *Deseret News*. I'm convinced, though, that those who were partying in the wilderness were either totally unaware of the implications of Abbey's environmental philosophy, or they were acting very hypocritically (something that Abbey himself was good at). The fundamental principle of Abbey's philosophy is an inhumanism which asserts that all human beings and all human activities are worthless. Only the inhuman landscape is valuable.

In his book *Deseret Solitaire*, Abbey is constantly berating his fellow human beings. The visiting tourists, the Park Service, the US Government, all of human civilization and its development to date, his fellow rangers, himself—Abbey deprecates all of them. The only reason I can find for his doing so is that he is simply not interested in anything human. He once declared that his greatest human ambition was to become a rock, for in the rock and sand and sun of the desert he claimed to have found greater, more significant *Being* than was ever to be found among humans. This is his metaphysical justification for disparaging humans and worshipping the desert. Consider this passage from *Desert Solitaire*:

*The desert says nothing. Completely passive, acted upon but never acting, the desert lies there like the bare skeleton of Being, spare, sparse, austere, utterly worthless, inviting not love but contemplation. In its simplicity and order it suggests the classical, except that the desert is a realm beyond the human and in the classicist view only the human is regarded as significant or even recognized as real.* (270, my emphasis)

The implications of such a philosophy are really quite scary—nothing at all to be singing and dancing about if you have any attachment to your status as a human being. For one thing, as a *Homo sapien* you ought to fear for your very life in the presence of someone like Edward Abbey. "I prefer not to kill animals," he says in *Desert Solitaire*, "I'm a humanist; I'd rather kill a *man* than a snake" (20). If human Being is really less important than the Being of rocks and trees and snakes, then there is absolutely no reason at all to be concerned about the many things that threaten human life on this planet. Whether or not humans die from cancer, war, AIDS, radiation sickness, or in automobile accidents doesn't matter in the slightest. If anything, we humans ought to be grateful to die (by whatever means) just as soon as possible, because then we will be one step closer to becoming rocks.

Abbey's philosophy constitutes a threat not only to the nature of our existence, but also to the quality of our existence. For a long time now our societies have depended on a belief in the basic sanctity of human life. Since almost everyone has been willing to concede this much, we've been able to muddle through as a world. But if this most basic assumption were denied, there would be nothing left for a society of human beings to rest on. The possibilities for political anarchy in such a setting are tremendous, rivaled only by the possibilities of despair and debauchery in individual human hearts as people consider the terribly tragic proportions of their relationship to nature. Abbey, however, seems to rejoice in such possibilities: "An increasingly pagan and hedonistic people (thank God!), we are learning finally that the forests and mountains and desert canyons are holier than our churches. Therefore let us behave accordingly" (60).

Luckily, almost no one has taken Edward Abbey completely seriously, nor applied his philosophy in a manner consistent with all of its metaphysical and ethical assumptions (certainly not the group of humanists partying at Arches last May). So far we have been kept pretty safe from its destructive and depressing implications. One group, however, calls itself "Earth First!" and applies Abbey's inhumanist philosophy wholeheartedly. Inspired by Abbey's novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, this "environmental" organization has abandoned the traditional tactics of discussion, legal action, and compromise, and has adopted the motto "No compromise in the defense of Mother Earth." Sometimes they are harmless, as when they don animal suits and climb trees to prevent them from being cut down, or lie down in front of bulldozers. This is laudable civil disobedience. But their basically inhumanist philosophy is clearly apparent when they turn to eco-terrorism. If necessary, they will readily destroy private property ("monkeywrenching") and even imperil human life. They have talked openly of blowing up dams and roads and bridges. One of their favorite tactics is to drive thirteen penny nails deep into trees that are scheduled to be harvested for timber. This causes the lumberjack's chainsaw to kick back violently—or even fly into pieces—when the lumberjack attempts to cut the tree. A bandsaw operator in a Washington timber mill was seriously maimed when his saw blade hit an Earth First! tree spike and broke into pieces, slashing his chest and face several times.

This is serious behavior! But it is exactly what Abbey's inhumanist philosophy entails. Earth First! is not unique among environmental groups that hail Abbey as their patron saint, but it is unique in taking his inhumanist philosophy so seriously and consistently applying it. Dave Foreman, Earth First!'s founder, explains how this group's uniqueness derives from its philosophical foundations:

*It's important to note this one distinction [between Earth First! and other environmental groups], and it's a distinction that riles and scares a lot of people. We advocate bio-diversity for bio-diversity's sake. That says that man is no more important than any other species. And it says that man is not immune from extinction. It may well take our extinction to set things straight.* (in Fayhee 22-23)

Earth First! along with the human death and destruction that it advocates in order to maintain "bio-diversity," are the true legacy that Edward Abbey leaves behind—not that group of revellers who celebrated his passing with singing and dancing in the desert.

Abbey's environmental inhumanism is undergirded by metaphysical assumptions about his relationship to the world. He "discovered" that there is nothing more real in the world than surface appearances because that was all he was willing to look for. In the introduction to *Desert Solitaire* he says:

*It will be objected that this book deals too much with mere appearances, with the surface of things, and fails to engage and reveal the patterns of unifying relationships which form the true underlying reality of existence. Here I must confess that I know nothing whatever about true underlying reality, having never met any. . . . For my own part I am pleased enough with surfaces—in fact they alone seem to me to be of much importance. . . . what else is there? What else do we need?* (xi)

So we shouldn't be too surprised when Abbey concludes that the landscape—the earth's collected appearances—is more real and more important than the human world, with all of its intangible and invisible qualities. Abbey was not willing to discover anything more real. Through his philosophy we discover not (as he would have us believe) the greater Being of the desert, but rather only the lesser Being of his own heart. To explore the human heart is far more difficult and dangerous than exploring the worst the desert has to offer because you always run the risk that you might find something—something that might challenge your assumptions and lead you to change yourself. But when Edward Abbey marches off into the desert with his assumptions in his backpack, he is at least secure in the knowledge that he is never going to find anything more real or more important than the unmoving, unchanging, unthreatening world of landscape appearances. I don't think, however, that this is really a heroic endeavor.

I know because I tried it. For I was once myself an absolutely fervent follower of Edward Abbey. I read all his books, and believed everything he wrote. My greatest dream was to imitate Abbey's life as a lone desert rat/park ranger. The closest that I ever came to doing this was when, after my freshman year at college, I took a job as a Forest Service volunteer in Escalante, Utah. I was disappointed to find that civilization existed just as much down in Escalante as it did in Salt Lake City, so on the weekends I would escape by myself into the desert, trying to find that deeper, inhuman, mystical reality that Abbey spoke of. I took many lonely two day trips to all sorts of barren, hot, empty places, but I never found the ultimate reality that I was looking for.

I'll never forget the time I finally realized that I was looking in the wrong place. It was the fourth of July weekend. I was alone on a three day hike to a canyon called Death Hollow, a deep and narrow tributary of the Escalante River. I planned to hike right out of town over the sandstone bluffs for twenty miles or so to the one place where it was possible (so I was told) to hike down into the canyon from the steep cliffs above. I started right after work on Friday; and as soon as I was a few miles out of town I lost the trail. Hoping that I could still find the one safe entrance to the canyon, I kept walking, heading east. There was nothing ahead of me but miles and miles of rolling sandstone hills. After a while the terrain became harder to navigate. Often I would have to creep down steep inclines, or jump off small cliffs into sink holes below. I had quickly drank all my water (I had planned on getting more in Death Hollow, which I was beginning to think I would never reach), so I was forced to drink the foul, leftover rainwater from the sinkholes I kept falling into. I began to get scared. Was I lost? The landscape was like another planet. Monstrous, menacing sandstone forms loomed all around me, totally unconcerned for my human thoughts and fears. Gloomily I marched along, my head down, only bothering to look a bit beyond my feet when suddenly I saw the sandstone floor disappear in front of me. I threw myself backward onto my backpack just in time to keep from falling. Looking down into the void, I realized that I had finally found it. Death Hollow. One thousand feet above the canyon floor, clinging to the sandstone ridge with only the friction of my hands and my nylon backpack pressed against the slickrock, I was immediately struck by the absurdity of the whole situation. I had been hiking through the desert for hours—for several years really—in search of deeper Being, and now I was about to fall into a canyon called Death Hollow. "What have I really found?" I thought. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. And now I'm about to fall into it."

Gingerly I inched my way up and away from the void below and back onto the top of the ledge. That night I camped next to a stagnant sinkhole and made my bouillon soup with its murky green water. Then I crawled into my sleeping bag and nearly cried considering how alone I was up there on that barren, empty bluff, with Death Hollow only a few feet away. It was at that moment that I decided to give up exploring for good, and to look for meaningful Being elsewhere—among people.

The next morning I got up and marched away with my new assumptions—through the sinkholes, over the cliffs and bluffs, away from death and into life. Out of the desert for good. Δ



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rice & black  
beans

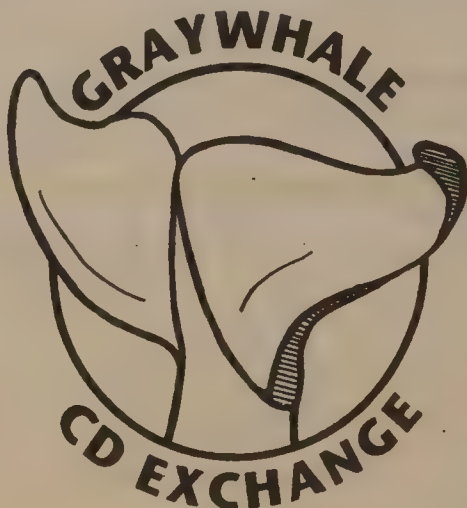
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# People Hurt Me

by Andrew Yerkes

I DO NOT FALL OVER THINGS. I HAVE NEVER BROKEN A BONE. I AM CAREFUL WITH KNIVES, AND I DO NOT SLAM MY fingers in doors, but: people hurt me. It goes back as far as third grade when I had to take the law into my own hands on the school bus, slamming Patrick several times over the head with my lunchbox. He sat with me on the bus because he, like everyone, liked to make me cry. My nickname was "Crybaby," and my title was challenged each afternoon.

In high school I lifted weights. Those last two years were beautifully peaceful. The only person who wanted to hurt me was a fellow who insisted on being called "Mister Wrestler." He was an all-state wrestler. He wanted to beat several fellows for winking at him and toodle-ooing him loudly in the hall. He never touched me. At the Prom we guy-talked. My date looked better. After high school things got worse.

October 1987, Barcelona

My travelling companion is named Savage. We have, by luck, arrived in town just in time for *Mercé '87*. Bands are playing every night all over town: in parks, in quaint fountain squares, even in front of an ancient cathedral.

We rent a room at the "Casa Mari-Luz" on the Ramblas. The room—in fact, the city—is too hot. The boys across the rooftop are constantly playing loud Spanish speed-metal. The grandmother of Mari-Luz hand washes our clothes for somewhere around a dollar-and-a-half.

We have been in Europe for almost a month and are suffering from culture fatigue. I find that I have lost the ability to appreciate beauty. Too many museums, one after another. Too many cathedrals. Too much *chairoscuro*. When we hear that Chuck Berry is playing in a nearby park we are excited. The thought of something so familiar fills us shamefully with nationalistic identity.

We arrive early. We stand at the front of the field, slightly stage right. The first warm-up band is a compromising tribute to the Blues Brothers called "Escoria Oriental." They sing in Spanish. They don't do "Rawhide." The next band, the Fleshtones, is something I've heard mentioned before as English-mod-rock. Savage and I smile weakly, humming Chuck Berry tunes and scanning the huge crowd. Savage tries to pick up the Castillian girl to his left, mumbling something about her eyes. She just laughs at us, as if we are stupid Americans.

Finally, Mr. Berry graces the stage with his wearied presence. Halfway through the opening song I hear loud voices above the music and the crowd. I turn around to see a man thrashing about, wielding a wine bottle like a billy club. I turn back towards the stage, ignoring the man, nonetheless sensing danger. I reach my arm around Savage's shoulder and notice that he is looking nervous, clutching the stage barrier in front of him with white knuckles. Then I feel around, and although I am disoriented I realize that several people (i.e., gang) are hitting me at the same time. A bottle is raised up, starting its descent towards my head. Savage stops the bottle and gets involved. I try to resist but realize I am getting nowhere. All I can do is note the punches with objectivity. Everything is happening so quickly that, after the first half-minute of pain, I have become somewhat numb, unable to register the pain in my senses. I am aware that I am hurt but I do not feel it. I see the guards in the barrier laughing at the bleeding American. I am flying through the crowd, not being helped by anyone. I think that this may well be "it." Finally a tall Castillian takes me and puts me against the barrier with one hand on either side of me. He says something to the other that I do not understand, then he turns to me. "You okay?"

"Sí, sí" I say. I am hardly okay, but relative to the situation ten seconds ago, I am fine. I remember Savage: "Mi amigo." I point left down the barrier. I cannot see him nor the girl he's been talking to. I can see the four happy fellows who have relocated me.

My Castillian says, "No, no, you stay here." I nod, as this sounded like a better prospect. My head swells. My left eye will not open. I am bruised raw on my forehead. I need sleep. Thousands of screaming fans behind me force me to stay for the entire show. Later I see the man with the bottle, who I assume to be the leader, dancing on stage near Chuck. He looks like a dancing Charles Manson. I stand there, the pathetic, innocent American schoolboy, memorizing his features forever. Perhaps planning to one day enact some sort of Inigo Montoya revenge scheme. I don't remember.

Summer 1988, New York

I have spent the day browsing the Guggenheim Museum and am walking downtown. I have to meet my mother in Grand Central Station in an hour. I am at the bottom of Central Park, wandering through various sleazy stores. I absentmindedly ask the man behind the counter about the obviously fake IDs. I am considering having one made that declares me eight years old. This will save money at movies and also at Denny's.

Walking out of the store I am followed by a lanky fellow with a black and orange nylon bomber and a loose-fitting baseball cap. He walks alongside me like an old friend. He says, "You want IDs, man?"

I am surprised. I say, "What? No, no thanks."

He says, "Right down the street, man, just takes a second. Real nice. Got them all: New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Philadelphia." This threw me. I had no idea that Philadelphia had been granted statehood. He continued, "What's your name, buddy?"

I am trying to find the subway, half-listening. "Andrew," I say.

"Okay, Andrew, my name's Jake. How you doing?" He offers me his truly loose grip.

"Fine, fine," I say. He continues his improvised pitch. I spot a subway entrance and cross the street towards it.

"Look," I say, "I'm not really interested. I'm going home now. Maybe next time."

"You going home? Where you live?" he says, stalling and following me down the stairs. He continues to talk. I foolishly continue walking. We are suddenly alone with many steps above us and many below. There is no sound except footsteps, falling away. He stops, holding out his thin hand. "Take this." Jake says. His voice has changed.





"What is it?" I say.

"I know you smoke that crap, man, come on," he says.

"No, no, I don't want this," I insist. I put the bag in the corner of a stair. "If you want it, pick it up."

I turn to walk down the stairs. There is no one near. Jake blocks my way and says, "You took that—you better pay me for it."

"I don't want it," I say.

"If you don't pay me I'll kill you, boy."

"There's no way I'm paying you," I say, trying to laugh. I push past him. He is shouting threats, curses. He is walking with me, yelling. I walk faster. I can hear the trains. He pushes me, then punches me in the face very hard and stomps off to find his drugs on the stairs. A few seconds later, in the station, people stare at me. A German asks directions. My head is spinning.

*Fall, 1988, Connecticut*

I am a waiter at Danny's Espresso. The old fat cook, Tony, is a jerk. He asks my Jewish friend why he killed Jesus. One night I stand up to Tony. He comes after me with a frying pan full of boiling oil. Everyone tells me "way to be," but from then on he takes his time cooking my orders and laughs, calling me "college boy."

*Fall, 1989, Provo*

I am standing in my kitchen, face to face with a drunk masculine sort who is angry

because I have kissed, in retrospect, the wrong person. "You frigging hypocrite," he says. I stare at him, speechless by how smoothly he has used a three-syllable word. He stands very close, breathing whiskey that is warm on my lips. He is cursing, comparing me to various elements of the feminine physique.

I have nothing to say. "That's right, faggot, walk away, that's right, walk away. . ." He is very drunk. I am not moving. He continues, "Make a move, pal, make your move!" He pushes me. We are fighting. The room spins. His brother is cheering. His best friend is cheering. Two of my roommates are in their rooms. One is feet away. He cheers the loudest. Later, after another roommate has pulled us apart and I see myself in the mirror, I realize that I have undoubtedly lost.

These last few years have taken their toll. I catch myself throwing about terms like Nihilist and Existentialist. Occasionally I unbutton my shirts a little too low. I indulge in ugly shoes. I wear glasses or contacts, if I have long hair or a crewcut—none of this matters. I even occasionally look sporty, but it is something much deeper that draws these angry forces to me. An inner force, a karma, an aura. Perhaps a crystal would help. Then again, it may just serve as a handy way to grab me by the neck.

I tell girls that I will surely die by thirty. The odds look promising. Reviewing all this, one may see the seeds of a child-abuser, a mass murderer, or a campus officer. This is hardly the case. I am an un-physical, un-confrontational fellow. I'm weak. I am bewildered. People hurt me. Δ

# Fer Louis L'Amour Ode on the Plantation of His Marker

*"The best Western writer I've ever read."*

—John Wayne

We banged the drum slowly.  
Yep, and played the fife lowly,  
But playin' his death march  
Ain't made us feel any less poorly.

We kin ride on Ole Paint  
An' be leadin' Ole Dan,  
But jest ridin' away  
Ain't gonna bring back the man.

One helluva writer—  
The last a' the breed  
Ta show us the West  
We ain't none a' us seed.

From Matagorda ta Jersey  
An' New York ta Cheyenne,  
We could hold the Ole West  
Like a Colt in our hand.

With Barney an' Jubal  
We rode Crossfire Trail,  
Fought Injuns an' outlaws  
From breakfast ta hell,

Saved sweethearts an' lost tar  
From hombres gone bad.  
We loved 'em an' left 'em,  
But ain't never felt sad

Till he left off at writin'  
Fer jest pushin' up sod.  
We lost our best-seller  
Ta a cowpoke named God.

Now', pardners, I hear  
The lone whippoorwill call  
From up on the high lonesome  
Whare the cold winters fall.

An' from down the dark canyon,  
Whare the sweetwater runs,  
I hear long Shadow Riders  
Unholster six-guns.

So saddle up the last roundup.  
The sun's set on Boot Hill.  
Tho' our ramrod's been busted,  
We still ain't got our fill

Of readin' his writin'.  
And we'll read 'em once more,  
Now we've bid "Happy Trails"  
Ta Louis L'Amour.

"Hondo" Lebowitz  
Cowboy Accountant  
NYC, NY

Third Place Winner  
BYU English Department  
Cowboy Poetry Contest





# Rex Speaks Out on Sports

Interview by Grant Madsen

## SPORTS

**R**ex knows sports. Over the last several months, the SR sports staff has done its best to attend everything BYU has to offer in sports. Inevitably, we see our own university president there cheering along with us. At a staff meeting a little while ago, somebody decided that President Lee must be BYU's biggest sports fan, and somebody else said, "We should interview him," and I said, "Why not?" The following is the result.

*I understand you were somewhat of an athlete.*

That is just flat wrong. I wish I had been. It is the greatest disappointment in my life that I was not an athlete. I was on the football team. I was on the basketball team. I was not any good at either one, and as a consequence I have always been an athlete worshipper.

*But you are known as a jogger. How long have you been jogging?*

I started about 1976, and I got serious about it sometime in 1977.

*Why did you start?*

I started doing it just for companionship. Other colleagues in the law school were doing it, and I went with them and hated it. What you will find is that if you do it, and do it rather consistently for several months, you get to where you enjoy it, and you like the way you feel. I also do it for social purposes. The best visiting my wife and I get done is [while] running in the morning. Most of the running I do anymore is with her.

*Do you feel your wish to begin jogging was a preparation for your later bout with cancer?*

Oh, there's little doubt about that. It doesn't help cancer directly. But it does help you to recover from the treatment for cancer. What I said in my devotional about bringing you as close to death as they can is literally true. And it helped to have a runner's heart when I was recovering from chemotherapy and radiation. Whether it saved my life or not, no one will ever know, but it certainly greatly helped.

*How many sporting events do you attend during a week?*

That depends on how many there are. I would say I go to all the home games when I'm in town, and a few of the out-of-town ones. I enjoy the events, and I go when I can. I have other responsibilities, and I can't go to everything, but I enjoy [attending most of the sports].

*What import do you give athletics to the University?*

Athletics are very important to a university. They make it a more interesting place to live and to study, but they are not the [entire] university. We exist, principally, to get an education. As a consequence, to the extent athletics interferes with anyone's education, it's being counterproductive. It's a bit difficult to strike just the right balance with the athletes, because necessarily during their season they are going to have to make some sacrifices for their athletics. But what must never be forgotten is that the principal objective, for you or for any other student, is to get an education.

*Sometimes the accusation is made that athletes receive some preferential treatment, especially regarding grades and standards. How do you feel about this accusation?*

With respect to grades, I think there is no evidence of that. There should not be, and there should be no separate treatment—and similarly with respect to standards. The standards are the same for them as they are for anyone else. It is not always easy to enforce standards, and I hope we are even-handed. We try to be. In any event, there is no conscious decision, nor will there ever be, that there is any different standard for athletes than there is for anyone else.

*Along those lines, some university presidents have commented that boosters, or athletic departments, have run their schools. Could this ever happen at BYU?*

That can never be here, and never will be here. Boosters are just not that valuable to us.

*Is that in part a result of the fact that the Board of Trustees has ultimate control?*

Yes, I think so. A different culture exists here, in which everyone, including the boosters, recognizes the authority that resides with the Board of Trustees. We are more conscious and more cognizant and more respectful of authority. In any event, that just never has been a problem. The Cougar Club, for us, has been a very good thing. They've provided financial support for us, they've supplied other than financial support, and they have not attempted to dictate either university policies or athletic policies, at least not outside the bounds of manageability, as has happened at other schools.

*Has the attention that BYU sports has gotten through the media, such as the favorable comments made on national television by Kenny Stabler and Brent Musburger, helped the University?*

If attention is called to us by such comments as the ones Stabler and Musburger made when they were here, [who said that we have] more than just a clean stadium but also a clean campus, and we can follow that up with another message that we have a very fine university here with the highest attendance of National Merit scholars of any school in our area, and, I think, about 15th or 16th in the country, then that helps. It helps to call attention to ourselves so long as once attention is focused here there is something else that's worthwhile.

*Two last questions. One is the halftime show with you and Sister Lee—*

*Did you think that was good?*

*It made our top twenty.*

I didn't realize that. I hadn't seen that yet. That's my main objective in life, to make your top twenty.

*Who came up with the halftime show idea?*

I wish I could say it was my idea, but it wasn't. Some student organization came up with it. But I didn't discourage them once I heard about it.

*Some have made the comment that you look a little like Johnny Carson.*

I've heard that. There is one major difference: he makes a little more money than I do—two major differences: he's been divorced a little more than I have. Δ





# Requiem for the Cubs

by Dave Carpenter

**W**HEN I WAS FOURTEEN, MY BEST FRIEND'S DAD SOMEHOW SWUNG FRONT ROW BOXES TO A CUBS' game. So, with mitts and caps and young babbling excitement, we rode the elevated train to Wrigley Field. Naturally, in this story most typical of my years as a Cubs fan, the game was rained out. Yet again this season, the Cubs have broken the hearts of millions, and for the forty-fourth consecutive year, Wrigley Field will stand vacant in late October.

But very strangely, those fans whose hopes have been washed out so often do not leave for fairer-weather teams. In fact, against all reason, more stream in annually to be a part of the disappointment. Even Pavlov's dog would have long since fled at the sound of the bell if he were kicked in the teeth as often as Cubs fans.

For those unfamiliar with history, the Cubs have not won the World Series since the administration of Teddy Roosevelt. They haven't even reached the Series during the lifetimes of any of their current players. They should have gone in '69, but collapsed before the Miracle Shmets. They won their division in '84 and again this fall, but the anti-Cubs Garvey and Clark arose to strike them down. Futility has long since ceased to adequately describe the Cubs.

My own attachment began in the early Seventies, around the time of Ernie Banks' 500th homer. I had a cap with a 'C' on it, which I wore proudly until the day someone told me it was the Cleveland Indians' 'C' and not the Cubs'. I never wore it again. I wasn't a baseball fan; I was a Cubs fan. From the age of accountability I sang the old fight song with conviction: "The Cubs are gonna hit today, they're gonna pitch today; they're gonna field today. Come what may, the Cubs are gonna WIN today!" And each year, my friends and I (except for the outcast White Soxers) found reasons to believe in those awful teams of the Seventies, until the moment of their mathematical elimination.

Approaching adulthood, when asked where I wanted to serve a mission, I replied Chicago, Wrigley Left Field Bleachers. In 1984, I almost lost a sister-in-law when she decided to cheer for the Padres in the playoffs. Feelings for the team have always been deep, but especially in those rare contending years. If you can take my story, and multiply it by millions, you will have some idea of the extent of Cubfandom.

There is truly something strange about this fatal attraction. Insane hope, undaunted by past delusion, pours into the heart of every Cubs fan with any trickle of a chance of victory. Therefore, it should come as no surprise to the irrational that when playoff tickets went on sale this year, the Cubs were swamped by 29 million calls. They overwhelmed the phone system and knocked out phone service on the north side of Chicago for hours. In typical Club fashion, some lucky fans who finally got through became so excited that they disconnected the phone.

Maybe there's something in the ivy. Maybe Harry Caray's voice transmits post hypnotic suggestions in its slurred tones. Maybe certain souls were designated Cubs fans in the pre-earth councils so they could develop patience and long suffering in this life. Whatever the reason, millions who hoped again are once more in mourning, as the unselfish Cubs have given joy to the greedy Bay Area this fall. And as the World Series rolls on unnoticed, these growing throngs join in the age old Cub refrain, which Walt Whitman almost lived long enough to write:

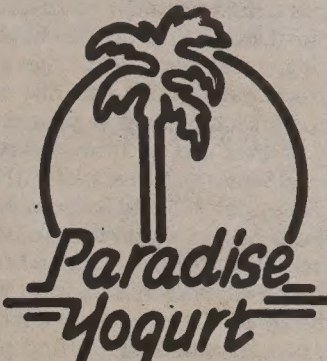
Exult, O A's, and Giants swell,  
But I with anguished tread  
Walk the deck where my Cubs lie,  
Fallen cold and dead.  
... but wait'll next year. Δ

SR

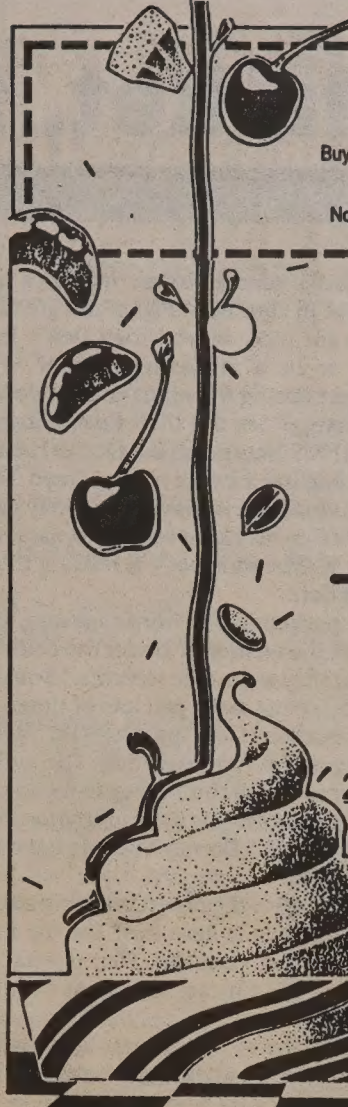
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# To Market, to Market: a Primer

by Colin Bay

**T**HIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKETING SCHOOL. SEE ALL THE LITTLE PIGGIES. SEE ALL THE marketers. What do they have in common? Pigs aren't greedy. Pigs are smart. Pigs make good pets. Pigs are nice. Maybe they don't have anything in common. Would you like to be a marketing person? Would you like a cockroach to crawl in your ear during the night and eat your eardrum?

Where can we find marketing? See the *Utah County Journal*. It comes on Wednesday and Saturday. Do we ask for it? No. How much does it cost? Nothing. How much is it worth? Hmm. See Bob and Barbara. Bob has a parrot named Floyd. Floyd is what they call a fine bird. Floyd does not read the *Journal*. Floyd leaves what they call fine droppings on the journal. Why does Bob wake up before his alarm with a stomach-ache? Bob is worried. Maybe not everybody has a parrot. Maybe somebody is reading that newspaper. See Bob drink the Pepto-Bismol without a spoon.

Saturday's paper is a good place to find marketing. The front page says, "Are Utah teachers expecting too much?" What do you think the answer is? Under the colorful picture it says, "Utah's educators need to remember that they are public servants." Bob doesn't even have to read the article to find the answer. Marketing saves you lots of time.

Another day the front page says, "Geneva Steel Goes into the 90's." Will they go kicking and screaming? Probably. The first paragraph is fun marketing. The author says that one steel mill owner asks the other one, "Why spend all this money to fix up the mill when you don't have to?" The other one says, "I like the economy and the environment." This author is writing what they call a "hard-hitting exposé." Do some people have another name for this? Yes. Does it start with "brown"? Maybe.

This author is *marketing*. That is why he quotes the owner bragging about his new, state-of-the-art equipment. Isn't it funny that people believe this? See the marketing. See the lovely, lovely marketing. The equipment is ten years old. That is what "state-of-the-art" means. The equipment comes from a factory in Chicago that went out of business. Maybe they didn't have a *Utah County Journal*.

Bob has a 1979 Volkswagen. It does not know how to use unleaded gas. It has gone 123,000 miles. The tires are bald. The radio doesn't work. But it is state-of-the-art. So is Bob's uncle. He says he can talk to young people because he doesn't listen to the Doors and Steppenwolf. He listens to the Bee Gees now. That is what state-of-the-art means.

What a bunch of silly-heads. But do you know what? Marketing works. It is more fun than a Big Wheel. Oh, how Bob and Barbara love marketing. Do you know Pizza Hut? Pizza Hut marketed a fun product last year. It was called the Double Cheeseburger Pizza. They had commercials everywhere for the Double Cheeseburger Pizza. The pizza boxes were covered with ads for the Double Cheeseburger Pizza. Double Cheeseburger Pizza made you feel like reading the *Utah County Journal* on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

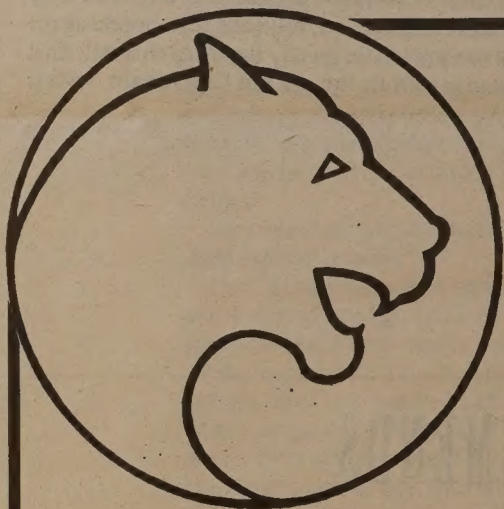
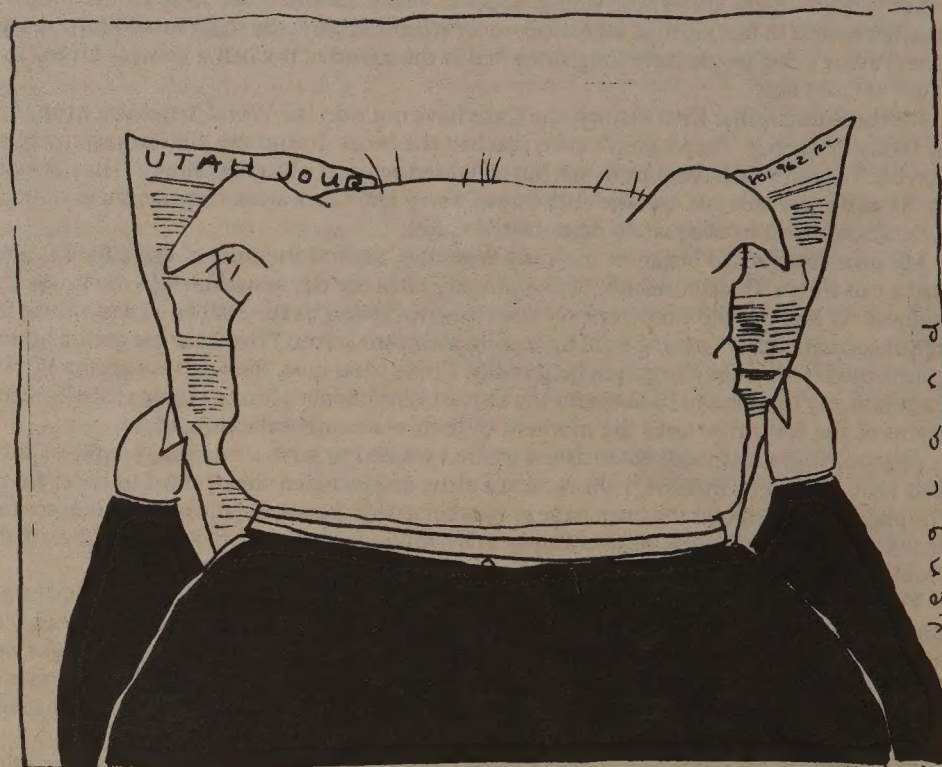
Hmm. What is a Double Cheeseburger Pizza? It is a pizza with hamburger on it. Are they kidding about this? No. Is it really just a pizza with hamburger on it? Yes. What a funny world it is.

See the marketing meeting. Listen to the people talk. "Oh yes," says Mark the Marketer. "We will make people think that earaches are fun."

"No," says Alice the Advertiser. "That's too easy."

"Okay," says Mark. "We will make people like pizza with only hamburger on it. Ha ha ha." See the marketing people go out. Ha ha ha. They are happy. Would you like to be a marketer? Would you like to kick puppies?

See the marketing people go out and kick puppies. See the cute puppies whimper. Lucky, lucky puppies. Why are they so lucky? They do it on the paper. Can you do it on the paper? Try it on a Wednesday or a Saturday. Δ



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Aug 27-31, *Hold On to June*, Hale Center Theater, M-Sat, 8 pm  
Aug 27-Sept 24, *Time After Time*, Valley Center Playhouse, M-Sat, 8 pm  
Aug 27, *Pippin*, Scera/Family City USA, Orem, Mon, Fri, Sat, 7:30 pm  
Aug 27,30,31, *Annie*, Payson Community Theater, info 465-4263  
Aug 31-Sept *Three Cheers for the Family*, Scera/Family City USA, Orem, Mon, Fri, Sat, 7:30 pm  
Aug 27-Sept 24, *Heaven Can Wait*, Hale Center Theater (SLC), M-Sat, 8 pm (Sat. matinee, 3:30 pm)  
Sept 20-Oct 5, *Broadway Bound*, Pardoe Theatre, BYU, T-Sat, 7:30 pm

### Theater Guide

The Babcock Theater, 300 S University, SLC. Tickets: F & Sat \$6, other nights \$5, 581-6961  
The Castle Amphitheatre, 1300 E Center, Provo. Tickets: \$6 (\$5 student), 226-5292  
The Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371  
The Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: 364-5696  
Hale Center Theater (SLC), 2801 S Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257  
Hale Center Theater (Orem), 400 N 225 W (Orem Blvd), Orem. Tickets: \$4 M, \$5 F, Sat, 226-8600  
Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E 300 S, SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6991  
Provo Towne Square Theater, 100 N 100 W, Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300  
The Salt Lake Acting company, 168 W 500 N, SLC. Tickets: \$17 F & Sat, \$14 T-Th, 363-0525  
Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000  
Scera/Family City USA, 224-8797  
Sundance Summer Theater, 224-4100  
Townesquare Theater, 375-7300  
Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N 200 E, Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310

### MUSIC

Mondays, Salt Lake Jazz Society sponsors jam sessions, info 595-1460  
Aug 29, "Live It Up", Crosby, Stills and Nash, Parkwest, \$20 reserved, \$17 lawn seating, 7:30 pm, call Smith's Tix, 467-5996  
Sept 5, "The Sundays", Speedway Cafe, SLC, \$7, Tickets available from SoundOff Records & Tapes, Midvale 566-0252, SLC 484-9131  
Sept 9, "Little Feat", Triad Amphitheatre, 7:30 pm, Tickets: Salt Palace, 363-7681 or 1-800-888-SHOW  
Sept 11, Clayne & Vivian Robison Faculty Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm  
Sept 12, Utah Symphony Orchestra, *Verdi, Mendelssohn, Beethoven*, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm

Sept 19, Tim Weisberg, "Outrageous Temptations," Contemporary Series, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm  
Sept 20, Diana Walker, *soprano*, Chamber Series, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm

Sept 25, Lois Johnson Faculty Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm  
Sept 27, Roger Drinkall, Diane Baker Faculty Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm

### Temple Square

Organ Recital, M-F, 12-12:30 pm, Sat & Sun 4-4:30 pm, Tabernacle  
Temple Square Concert Series, F-Sat, 7:30-8:30 pm, Assembly Hall  
Aug 31 Neil Harmon, organ, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 7, Del Parkinson, piano; Chopin Series—"Chopin the Miniaturist", 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 8, Jeff Monookian, piano, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 14, Kathy Feigal, soprano, with Karen Perkins, flute, and Jeffrey Price, piano, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 15, Adele Baker-Kaszas, soprano, with Jed Moss, piano, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 19, Performances by winners of the 1990 Utah State Fair Competition, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 21, Rex Cooper, piano, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 22, Ira Lehn, cello, with Rex Cooper, piano, 7:30, Assembly Hall  
Sept 22, Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus Fall Concert, with The Chicago Brass; Robert C. Bowden, director, 8 pm, Tabernacle  
Sept 26,27, The Salt Lake Symphony; David Dalton, director, 7:30, Assembly Hall

### Utah Symphony 50th Anniversary Season

Symphony Hall, 123 W South Temple, SLC. Tickets: \$9-\$27 (\$5 student), 533-6407, 8 pm  
Sept 7, Gala Opening Concert, Joseph Silverstein, Conductor, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Flute  
Sept 14,15, Joseph Silverstein, Conductor, *Verdi, Mendelssohn, Beethoven*  
Sept 21,22, Joseph Silverstein, Conductor, Rudolf Firkusny, Piano, *Berlioz, Mozart, Bartok*  
Sept 28,29, Maureen McGovern, Kory Katseanes, Conductor

### FILM

Academy Theater, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470  
Avalon Theater, 3605 S State, SLC, American Classics, Tues. \$1, 266-0258/264-8431  
Cinema in Your Face, 45 W 300 S, SLC, 364-3647  
Carillon Square 4 Plex Theatres, 309 E 1300 S, Orem, 224-5112  
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 959 S 700 E, Orem, 224-6622

Mann 4 Central Square Theater, 175 W 200 N, Provo, 374-6061  
Movies 8, 2424 N University Pkwy, Provo, 375-5667  
Pioneer Twin Drive-in, 1255 S State, Provo, 374-0521  
Scera Theater, 745 S State, Orem, 225-2560  
Varsity I, Aug 27-30, "Better Off Dead", 7 & 9:30 pm

### DANCE

Tuesdays, Israeli Dancing, Salt Lake Dance Center, 537 E 2100 S, Instruction by Susan Mulster at 7:30 pm and request dancing at 8:30 pm, 484-1390  
Sept 7,8, Young Ambassadors, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm  
Sept 26-29, World of Dance Performance, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm

### ART

"A Covenant Restored," "Reflections on the Kingdom-Images on LDS History & Belief," Museum of Church History & Art  
Hand-pulled lithographs by Andre Bourrie, Claude Wiesbusch; engravings by Shoichi Hasegawa; ceramics by Keith Briley, Urban Arts Gallery, 120 W 300 S, SLC, 322-3111  
Aug 27,28, "Variations On a Theme: Photographing The Utah Symphony," Atrium Gallery, SLC Library, 209 E 500 S. 363-5733  
Aug 27-Sept 7, Summer Group Show, Gayle Weyher Gallery, 167 S Main, SLC, 534-1630  
Aug 27-Oct 14, "Save It For a Rainy Day: Folk Art From Rural Utah," Chase Home Museum of Utah Folk Art, Liberty Park, open 7 days/wk, 533-5760  
Aug 27-Dec 31, "Utah's Ice Age: A Mammoth Event," Utah Museum of Natural History, U of U, \$2/adults, \$1/child, 581-4887

### LECTURES & DEVOTIONALS

Sept 7, "Off the Record: telling the rest of the Truth," Mormon Women's Forum, 2nd Anniversary Reception with Linda Sillitoe (author of approved version of the Salamander letter story), U of U, Fine Arts Auditorium, \$3 donation, 7:30 pm

### SPECIAL EVENTS

*Utah Symphony 6th Annual 5K Race*  
Sept 1, Registration from 7:30 to 8:55 am, \$12, Race starts at 9 am, start and finish at Symphony Hall, Pre-registration \$10 (fee includes t-shirt), mail application to Utah Symphony, Attn: 5K Race Director, 123 W South Temple, SLC, Ut 84101

### Outdoors Unlimited Bike Races

West stadium parking lot, Wednesdays through October, 5:30 pm non-licensed riders, 6-8 miles, 6 pm USCF licensed riders, approx. 14 miles. Entry fee: \$3 registration, day of race

starting at 5 pm until 5:25 (info 378-2708)

### Snowbird

Sept 1,15, Hawk Watch, \$12, 10 am  
Sept 1,8,15, 29, Stargazer Slide Presentation and Tram Ride, \$8/adults, \$4/children

### EDITOR'S CHOICE

- Gear up for the new school year by seeing "Heaven Can Wait" at the Hale Center Theater.
- Enter Utah Symphony's Sixth Annual 5K Run and beat Beethoven!

Get  
involved  
with  
*Student Review*—  
Come to the  
recruitment  
meeting on  
Tuesday  
September  
11 at  
7:30 pm  
in the  
Maeser  
Building  
Auditorium  
& find out  
what you  
can do!



# Ever Wonder Why More People Shop At **FOOD 4 LESS®** Than Any Other Food Store in UTAH COUNTY?

Over  
15,000  
items

We  
don't  
add  
5%-10%

We  
live up  
to our  
name!

Low prices  
Every  
Day!

ACCRA® COMPOSITE COST-OF-LIVING COMPARISONS FOR SELECTED METROPOLITAN AREAS							
FIRST QUARTER 1990							
Component Index Weights:	100%	17%	22%	11%	13%	7%	30%
City	All Items	Groceries	Housing	Utilities	Transportation	Health Care	Misc
U.S. Average	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Salt Lake City, Utah	82.9	98.9	82.3	88.4	85.2	85.9	103.3
Cedar City, Utah	88.8	98.5	68.9	80.6	84.9	89.1	98.2
Provo/Orem, Utah	88.5	98.2	77.7	85.7	94.5	85.9	95.7
St. George, Utah	90.3	95.7	83.3	64.2	98.9	94.4	97.1
Western States	101.1	95.7	98.7	98.3	104.6	115.2	102.9
Phoenix, Arizona	132.8	104.7	216.1	74.2	134.6	132.3	108.4
San Diego, California	129.3	106.4	108.3	84.0	105.8	135.1	102.3
San Jose, California	101.3	91.5	108.6	97.2	105.9	114.3	98.1
Denver, Colorado	100.3	98.4	119.3	73.7	99.8	117.3	100.6
Boise, Idaho	103.8	95.0	105.2	85.1	104.9	102.1	95.0
Las Vegas, Nevada	99.1	101.5	111.1	98.8	101.6	127.0	104.1
Albuquerque, New Mexico	103.0	110.4	137.7	72.7	117.6	136.5	107.8
Portland, Oregon	113.2	101.3	73.4	64.0	95.0	100.7	100.4
Seattle, Washington	93.2	129.3	129.3	128.0	94.8	118.4	129.2
Casper, Wyoming	127.3	101.8	94.5	94.5	115.5	100.9	99.0
Other Areas	94.8	94.8	237.0	82.1	96.3	95.6	98.7
Anchorage, Alaska	159.3	118.2	108.9	226.7	219.1	128.1	122.3
Atlanta, Georgia	98.5	117.5	117.5	171.8	93.5	115.8	102.0
Kansas City, Missouri/Kansas	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Nassau-Sutro, New York	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Houston, Texas	96.4	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
* Highest City	96.4	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
* Lowest City	96.4	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Provo-Orem, UT	88.2	98.2	77.7	85.7	94.5	85.9	95.7
Lowland, CO	96.4	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
New London, CT	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
New York, NY	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
San Francisco, CA	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
San Jose, CA	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Denver, CO	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Boise, ID	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Las Vegas, NV	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Albuquerque, NM	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Portland, OR	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Seattle, WA	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Casper, WY	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Other Areas	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
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Las Vegas, NV	137.5	101.3	101.3	171.8	134.6	134.6	102.0
Albuquerque, NM	137.5	1					